

THE ISSUES OF

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



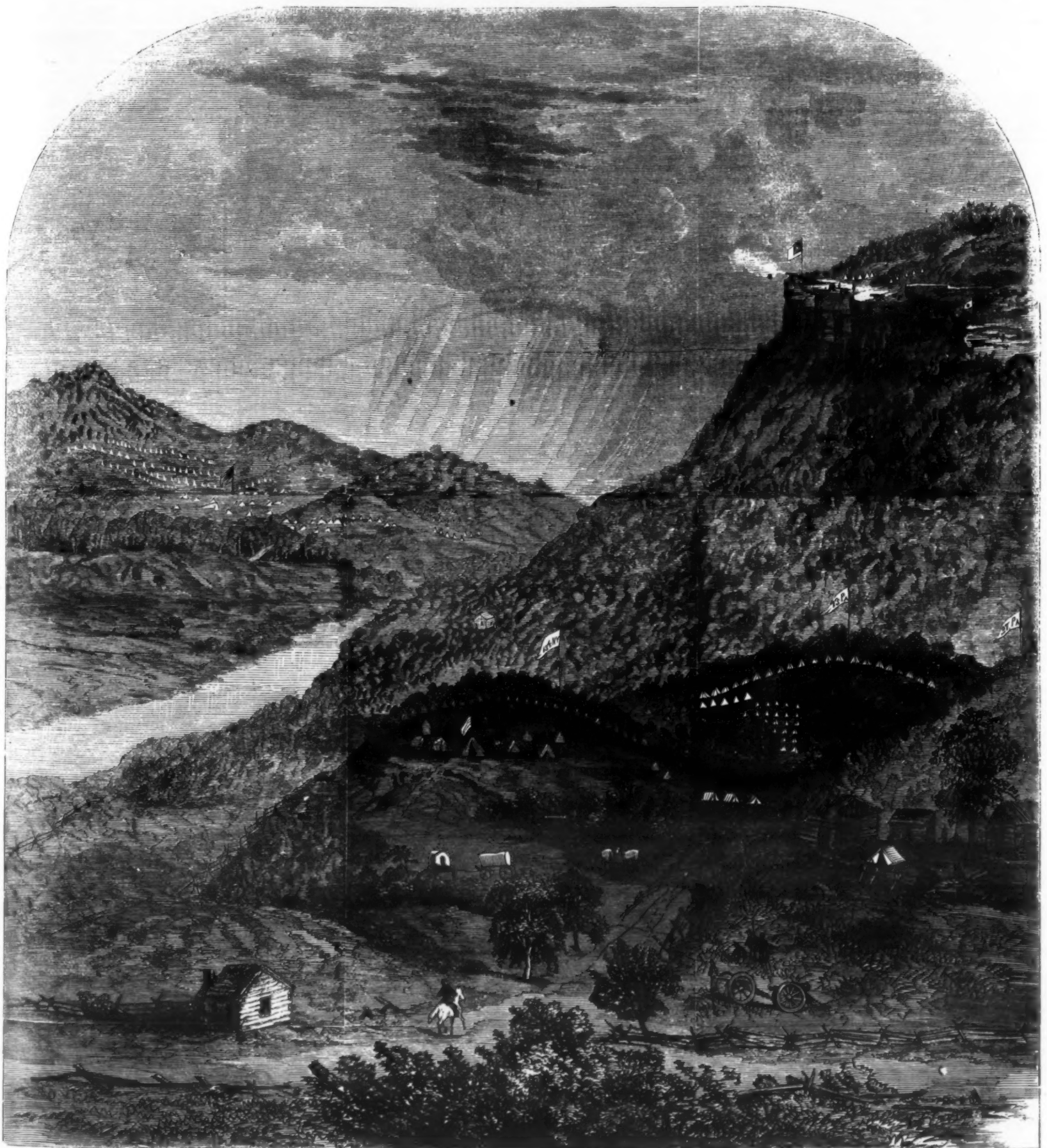
NEWSPAPER

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TENNESSEE—LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN AND ITS VICINITY FROM THE POSITION OF THE 11TH ARMY CORPS.—FROM A SKETCH BY SURGEON J. S. TREKLER, 70RD REGT.

— Gen. Sickles, who is rapidly recovering, made an eloquent speech before the Loyal League Club, at their rooms in Union square, on the 10th of Nov.

— Despite the pending accusation against Lord Palmerston of crim. con., the Queen has invited him to stay a few days with her at Windsor Castle. This is considered as a certain proof that she does not attach any credence to the report. The O'Keane who brings the charge is a disreputable fellow, the clerk to a low attorney.

—Mr. Gitchell, one of the N. Y. *Herald* correspondents, was captured lately in Louisiana. This makes the twelfth correspondent which the rebels have gobbled up belonging to that enterprising establishment. With ill-timed pleasantry the *Herald* alludes to Mr. Gitchell's capacity for gastronomical performances, and advises their speedy setting him at liberty.

—The Annapolis correspondent of the Baltimore *American* writes as follows: "One of the most deplorable cases among the wounded soldiers last brought from Richmond, is the case of John W. Williams, of the 16th R. G. and a native of Philadelphia. In one of the earlier actions of the War in the West, he received three wounds, from which he recovered, and again went into the field, when at the battle of Chancellorsville he was struck with a piece of shell in the right eye, cutting out the entire eye, then passing under the bridge of the nose and destroying the sight of the left eye, and he is now perfectly blind, though in the prime of life. In the same action in which he lost his eyesight he had a father and three brothers killed, leaving out of a whole family only himself and his aged mother, who is now a resident of Philadelphia."

—Capt. James Bryan of the 19th Precinct, who distinguished himself on the first night of the July riot, leading the charge with his men against the rioters at the Park, received the unanimous Union nomination for Police Justice in the 7th District.

Obituary.—Col. Charles Rivera Ellet, of the Mississippi Marine Brigade, whose death was announced a few days ago, was buried on the 7th ult. at the Laurel Hill Cemetery, Philadelphia. He was born in that city in 1840, and completed his education at Paris. When his father, Col. Charles Ellet, established the ram fleet, he was ably seconded by his son, whose brilliant services on the Queen of the West, and during his going into the town of Memphis, hoisting his flag on the Post-Office, and demanding the surrender of the town, are well remembered. Though the youngest Colonel in the army, he leaves a veteran's reputation behind him, which is the best consolation of those who are bereaved by a patriot's death, and of which all will speak with admiration when the histories of our brave soldiers are told by the firesides of generations yet unborn.

Accidents and Offences.—An affray happened on Thursday night in Walker street, between some Italian and German musicians, in the course of which, a German named Iden Stim, was fatally stabbed by an Italian named Vincent de Nevillo. The coroner's verdict was self-defence.

—Philip Smith, a stage-driver, has been committed to the Tombs, charged with the killing of Hugh Clary in the course of a quarrel about the payment of the fare. A man killed for sixpence!

—John Reardon, President of the Dead Rabbit Association, was fined six cents on the 18th of Nov., for firing three shots at a policeman.

—Three men have been arrested in Concord, Mass., for seizing William Koch, a soldier in the 16th New York regiment, and after drugging him, taking off his uniform and shaving his beard off, taking him to Concord, where they sold him for \$400. The man robbing disclosed the facts, and the men were arrested.

—A man, name unknown, on Friday afternoon made a desperate assault upon Henry Allen, barkeeper in a saloon at the corner of Broadway and 116th street. Allen was cut with a knife, when Deputy Sheriff James Merriam, hearing the noise, came to his rescue. He was furiously assaulted, and in self-defence shot the assailant, who died almost instantly.

—William T. Smithson, convicted by the general court-martial of holding correspondence with the enemy, in violation of the 57th article of war, and of giving intelligence to the enemy, in violation of the same article, has been sentenced to be confined in the penitentiary for the term of five years.

Foreign.—The supreme tribunal of Madrid has just given final judgment in a suit which had been under litigation 240 years, and which involved the succession to the inheritance of Francisco Pizarro, the famous invader and conqueror of Peru in 1532.

—Louis Godard, one of the aeronauts who made the ascent and perilous descent with Nadar, has obtained an authorization for the use of a portion of the "Palais d'Industrie," for the construction of an immense balloon, to be called the "Colosse." Nadar's "Giant" held 6,000 cubic metres of gas; but the "Colosse" is to contain 14,000. It is to be filled with hydrogen gas, instead of gas, and is intended to take up 50 passengers. The "Giant" in her late trip traversed 470 leagues in 16 hours, at the average rate of 56 miles an hour.

—Louis Napoleon's speech at the opening of the Legislative Chambers in Paris makes no allusion whatever to our present war. It declares the Treaties of 1815 abolished, and proposes to leave the Polish question to a Congress. It is so peculiarly worded that while one half of European gazettes say it means war, the other half swears it means peace. Perhaps the best test is that the public funds have declined in consequence. It is equally ambiguous about Mexico.

—Capt. Summers, of the steamer *Lady of the Lake*, plying from Portsmouth to the Isle of Wight, has been committed to prison in England, on a charge of manslaughter, his vessel having run down a boat and drowned a man. We want similar severity here.

Art, Science and Literature.—A citizen of Manchester suggests that water power may be used in houses to drive sewing-machines, the bellows of organs and for all other purposes where motion is required. In a house in that city a turbine, or horizontal water-wheel, only 11 inches in diameter, is set in motion by a 1/2 inch pipe, and works the bellows of a drawing-room organ. This notion opens out a wide field of inquiry as to the saving of coal, and the largely increased revenues of water companies, especially as the method appears to be applicable to large as well as small machinery.

Chit-Chat.—La France says that the French ladies are going to start a new fashion. The little tuft, says the writer, which starts from the root of the hair at the side, and which formerly formed the little curl known as an *accroche-cœur*, is now to fall straight down the cheek in a thick mass, and to be frizzed, so as to look like whiskers!

—The following is the epitaph on a soldier's tombstone in the graveyard of Winchester Cathedral, Eng.:

"Here sleeps a Huguenot grenadier,
Who died from drinking cold small beer.
Soldiers, beware of his untimely fall,
And when you are hot drink strong, or none at all.
An honest soldier never is forgot,
Whether he dies by musket or by pot."

—A man has sued a London photographer for the price paid for two cartes de visite. He told the court that he sat for 17 days, and the only result was a picture that made him look like a black man and another that made him look as if he was going to be hung. The court gave him its sympathy, and the artist had to give him his money.

—Col. McMurdo said, in a recent speech, that a letter was given by the G. naval in command to an old staff officer to copy. The words Seylla and Charibde were too much for the copyist, who got over the difficulty, however, by writing Scylla and Charybdis.

—The London *Athenaeum* says that the days of hard drinking have gone out, but hard smoking has come in; so that some set-off for the use of tobacco; for we never heard of a man committing suicide with a cigar in his mouth, though we know of many who have done so with a pipe.

—The editor of the *Scientific American* has received from California a piece of a tree, 30 feet in diameter, the annual rings upon which indicate the tree to be 6,300 years old.

—The New Hampshire Gazette, claiming to be

the oldest newspaper in America, completed its 107th year on the 1st of October.

—Mrs. Charles Matthews, formerly Lizzie Weston, has made a wonderful success in a burlesque character, lately revived in London. It is said her personal charms improve with age, instead of diminishing.

COMING FROM THE MINES.

An Adventure in California.

AMONG other methods of getting gold practised by the gold thieves was the following: When a very successful miner came down to San Francisco, they tracked him from the city in the direction of the place to which he returned, and as surely as he came near the city the next time, so surely was he stopped and never suffered to enter it. The quantity of gold brought down by the Rawlinsons was so unusually large that one of Norris's city friends, to whose knowledge it had come in the way of business, mentioned it to him as something extraordinary, especially as he knew they had arrived from England but a short time. This information was not thrown away upon Norris, and two of the gang were sent after them, not to molest them in any way, for the fact that they had left the city with a train of ten mules raised the presumption that they had discovered a mine of gold which it might be better worth their while to take possession of than to murder the Englishmen for the sake of what ten mules could carry.

Like bloodhounds plodding along a cold scent the two ruffians slowly followed the Rawlinsons, keeping far behind all day but approaching very close to them at night. The journey was longer and more wearisome than they had expected, but at last they entered the gorge. The train of mules was out of sight, and but for the traces they had left, the spies would not have known whether to turn to the right hand or to the left. The pines enabled them to continue their pursuit without much risk of being seen by persons who had spent days without seeing a human being, and to whom it never occurred to suspect their presence.

The Rawlinsons had just dined, and were lying under the shade of the trees, talking of friends at home in England, and the surprise and pleasure they would feel at seeing them return so rich. The Indian was smoking a cigar, and watching the countenance of each speaker with the intention of a man totally deaf, who tries earnestly to understand the speaker's meaning from the motion of his lips and the expression of his face: while his daughter was wading about in the stream a hundred yards off.

Suddenly they were all startled by hearing the child scream fearfully, and all got up to see what was the matter, and to their utter astonishment they saw her in the midst of a party of men, and struggling with all her little strength to get free.

Geoffrey rushed to rescue her without staying to arm himself, and his father and Arthur ran into their encampment to get their rifles. Geoffrey's strength and impetuosity was such that he easily pushed his way among them, took the little girl in his arms, and after addressing them in a few energetic words, he turned to leave them, when several of the ruffians drew their revolvers and shot him in the back, killing the child at the same time.

Arthur and his father, on seeing the murder of Geoffrey, fired at his murderers, and had just time to throw down their rifles and snatch up a revolver before the rest of the party were upon them.

There was a fearful struggle, for the Englishmen were strong, and fought with the fury inspired by the sight of Geoffrey's blood, and the feeling that they had themselves no other fate to hope for if they were beaten; but it was hopeless against the number opposed to them. Arthur was shot to death, and his father, after receiving several wounds, fell to the ground, and was bruised and trampled upon till he was insensible.

The gang of murderers suffered severely, as much very likely from each other's shots as from those of their victims, and it took the survivors some time to bind up their wounds, before they could begin to collect and load the mules.

When all this was done, and they were prepared to start, they took the elder Rawlinson, who had in the meantime recovered his senses, and putting a rope loosely round his neck, they drew him up a little way from the ground, and fastening the end of the rope securely to the branch of the tree, they left him hanging there with his hands tied to his heels to increase the torment of his position; first raking the embers of the fire beneath him, and throwing on some wood. They were apparently so certain that nothing could save him that they did not even wait to see if the wood took fire. Being full of turpentine when it took fire it blazed furiously, but from not being exactly beneath him, or from the current of air running along the valley, the body of the flame did not touch him, and he was still further protected by being clothed in flannel. A tongue of flame, as probably everybody knows, is susceptible of being drawn out of a perpendicular line by the presence of a body near it. It was so in this case; but not quite reaching the head, which was inclined towards the opposite shoulder, it kept darting at intervals round the cord by which he was suspended until it sank lower and lower and gradually burnt itself out. The cord, however, had been kindled, and the fire slowly ate its way nearly through, until it became too weak to sustain the sufferer's weight, when it gave way and he fell to the ground, the side of his face lying on the red hot embers. He was unable to move an inch, and to add to his sufferings the cord continued to burn like a fuse, and he had to lie there while the fire crept round his neck like a serpent.

I know little of such matters, but it occurs to me as possible that his having to lie there for several hours after the fire had gone out may, while it increased his sufferings, have assisted his recovery, for he simply states that on being released from his bonds, the Indians tied cloths round his

head and neck, first laying ashes on the wound in the latter, his face being already thickly coated with them, and nothing else was done that he mentions.

As no mention is made of the Indian having been concerned in the fight, it is to be presumed that he ran away on the first onset; and it was, perhaps, well that he did, for it may have been owing to his going off to fetch his friends that Rawlinson escaped with his life and lived to assist at the punishment of the murderers of his children. His recovery was slow, but he did recover, and as soon as he was able to walk he made signs to the Indians that he wished to go in search of those who had wounded him. They understood him with a readiness which showed what their own feelings would have been in such a case, and giving him his rifle and dividing the rest of the arms among them, they set out. The father of the murdered girl walked always first, and as though travelling a road with which he was familiar, and subsequent events would seem to prove that he had tracked the ruffians to Norris's house, for it was to that place he directed his companions. It was a misfortune that Rawlinson could not comprehend their language nor they his, and he was quite staggered when the Indians led him up a little hill and pointed to Norris's house, for he could scarcely believe the murmurers lived there, and he fancied their intention was to attack the house as a measure of retaliation. There was only one way of setting his mind at ease, and this was by seeing some of the inhabitants, for he had a perfect recollection of the faces of some of his assailants—and those seen in a life or death encounter are never forgotten.

The Indians hid themselves to await his return, as he supposed, and he walked cautiously towards the house and hid himself among the shrubs near the entrance. First he recognised one of the murderers, then another, and then others, and the first moment he could get away without risk of being seen he made his way back to the Indians. In his impatience he made signs to them to begin the attack at once, but they easily made him understand that they would wait until after sunset.

It was a dark night out of doors, but there was no want of light in the dining-room and billiard-room, where Norris and his associates were enjoying themselves, never thinking of the Nemesis that was so close at hand. The very precautions they had taken to make the house defensible, viz., by closing every window and opening with iron bars, and having but one way of ingress or egress, the door which opened in the front directly into the billiard-room, made the certainty of their destruction more complete.

The attack of the Indians was so sudden and so overpowering that the whole band of murderers were struck down without resistance; the very man with the cue in his hand, preparing to make his stroke, had not time to straighten himself, but sank down upon the table as if smitten by apoplexy. From the billiard-room the greater part of the Indians rushed into the dining-room and continued the butchery; none were spared, not even their fair but abandoned companions. When all were stretched upon the ground, the Indians spread themselves about the house and took possession of everything which excited their admiration. The pillage was soon finished, and at a cry from one of those who kept the door the last straggler left the house. Two or three then returned and set fire to it in different places, and the entrance was choked up with fagots and likewise set on fire. The wings being nearly all wood, and desiccated by the hot sun, blazed like paper, and before the Indians had retreated a quarter of a mile, the whole building appeared one huge flame, and the dead and the living (if there were any) were reduced to ashes together.

THE EARTHQUAKE AT MANILLA.

A WRITER in *All the Year Round* gives his personal experience of the recent great earthquake at Manilla, as follows:

I had just drunk a glass of wine and was in the act of placing the glass upon the table, when suddenly, without the slightest warning, the floor and every article in the room began to shake violently. I was unable to stand upright or to move in any direction, though I instinctively held out my hands and tried to grasp the different articles of furniture which were falling about. There was a brief pause; but I was in such a bewildered state that I had not thought of trying to escape into the street before a second shock came. This was unlike the other in its movement, being a kind of rocking motion, whereas the first is best described by saying that it resembled the motions observable on the surface of water when it is boiling violently. Another and another shock followed, in which the movement was different from either of the preceding. The house was whirled in a circular direction, backwards and forwards. Great cracks opened in the walls and the matting which covered the floor was rent in many places. A large looking-glass which was fastened to the wall was thrown down, the window-frames were broken to pieces and all the panes shaken out, and above the din which this caused I could hear the cracking of timber and the crash of masonry. The house was two stories high. At the last shock of which I have any recollection, I felt the floor sinking beneath my feet and I fell violently on my face. The wall on one side of the room, however, still remained upright after the others had fallen away, and to this the floor held fast. As I dropped, my fingers slipped into an opening between the boards of which the floor was constructed, and I clung fast. I was very much battered by portions of the ceiling and roof striking me; but I was almost unconscious of this at the time, in consequence of the fear I was in lest the remaining wall should fall and bury me. Looking down into the street, I saw that the floor sloped down till it seemed on its lowest side to rest on the ruins. Without hesitating a moment I loosed my hold and dropped, rolling over and over among the rubbish. I rose and looked round, but so complete was the ruin and desolation on every side that I had the greatest difficulty in distinguishing the direction I wished to take.

However much a man's heart may be hardened to the sufferings of others by the knowledge that his own life is in imminent danger, it was impos-

sible to see the dreadful spectacles that met my eyes on all sides without horror. Limbs projected here and there from among the ruins; sometimes a leg or an arm, but in many cases the head and shoulders, were visible, often frightfully mutilated. Life still remained in many of these poor creatures and their groans were heartrending; but I could give them no help alone, and there were none to assist me; the few persons who were uninjured staggered along over the ruins without pausing, and looked like phantoms through the dust which filled the air. I was so much bruised that I made my way very slowly. At last, finding that I was becoming exhausted, I sat down on a heap of rubbish, which, as far as I could make out from the appearance of the fragments, had once been a church; as indeed it had been, and one of ten destroyed by the same catastrophe.

I tried my utmost to shut out the sound of the screams and groans which filled the air all night by tying my handkerchief tightly over my ears; but I found it impossible to sleep, and as soon as the sun rose I got up, stiff and weary, and made my way towards a group of men and women who were assembled about a heap of ruins, the magnitude of which enabled me to recognize them as the remains of the cathedral.

Of all the sights on that dreadful morning there was none which equalled this. The service in the cathedral not only began later than in the other churches, but was longer; so that while those who had attended the latter had for the most part left them, the whole congregation was present in the former. The earthquake was so sudden that probably not a dozen persons escaped out of the building before it came crashing down, burying every one of the two or three thousand persons within it beneath its heavy roof and massive walls. When I reached the ruins, men and women were already working at those parts where appearances indicated the possibility of most speedily reaching bodies. The largest group was collected round a chapel, a small portion of which was upheld by the peculiar way in which a beam had fallen. Women were sobbing and men were listening anxiously at a small opening where a window had formerly been. Seeing I was a foreigner, the Spaniards and Indians, with the politeness they invariably practise, made way for me, and I approached close to the opening. Faint groans issued from it and I could hear a voice—that of a girl, I thought, but it turned out to be one of the choristers—asking piteously for help and deliverance. Then a low but deep bass voice, doubtless that of the priest who was officiating at the time of the calamity, uttered the well-known words, "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord. Yea, saith the Spirit, for they rest from their labors." As these words came forth, those outside burst into a passion of tears, which was soon choked, in order that they might hear if the voice spoke again. There were some deep groans, apparently wrung from the speaker by intense pain, and then the same voice spoke in a calm and even tone, as though addressing a congregation: "For the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God."

Silence followed for some minutes, and then a deep voice came forth, which was so low that only I and a few others near the hole could hear it: "Father, into thy hands I commit my spirit," and with the utterance of those words of faith and prayer the spirit must have left the tortured body, for not a sound was heard after this except the piteous prayer of a child. Being too weak to assist in the efforts that were making to enlarge the opening, I left the spot with a sad heart.

I heard of the most extraordinary instances of escape. The tower of one of the churches fell in a mass across the open space in front of the church. A Spaniard, his wife and two children were passing at the moment; the man, who had just turned to take his children in his arms, was crushed, together with his little children, while his wife, who was not a yard distant from him, escaped unhurt, as did also, with the exception of a few bruises, five persons who were standing within the basement of the tower when it fell.

A woman had been ordered to fetch some water from a spring, but had neglected to do it, which made her master so angry that, on her refusing to go, he took her by the arm and put her out of the house. She had only got as far as the open space which surrounded the nearest church when the earthquake took place, which took down the house from which she had just been expelled and killed all who were in it.

One Pietro Mastai, the driver of a public vehicle, who had just left a wine-shop at the corner of a little church of Vera Cruz with a friend of his, a muleteer, when the latter saw something glittering at his feet. He picked it up, and it was a small silver coin. Both turned back to spend the money in wine. At the door the muleteer turned round and told Pietro that he should not share it, and with the rough playfulness of that class, he gave Pietro a push which sent him staggering some distance. Before he had time to recover himself and follow his friend, the earthquake came, the wine-shop crumbled to pieces and buried all within its walls, leaving him standing at the threshold uninjured.

THE ANIMATED SEEDS OF THE YERBA DE FLECHA.

A CALIFORNIA paper says: This seed, when placed on the ground or on a table, immediately begins to move in all directions, sometimes travelling over a considerable space by series of convulsive jerks. They grow on a tree called the *yerba de flecha*, or arrow tree.

On breaking a leaf or twig of this tree, a milky juice exudes, which is used by the Coast Indians for poisoning the points of their arrows; the results of a wound from one of these poisoned bars are fearful: the person wounded is seized with convulsive tremblings, and death ensues in from 50 to 60 minutes. In a short space of time after death the body becomes swollen like that of a crooked animal, and turns a livid, bluish-green color. The *yerba de flecha* is a tree of moderate height, with leaves resembling those of the laurel; it is common throughout Mexico.

We showed this seed to a Mexican gentleman, holding it in our hand; he expressed his surprise at our rashness, saying that no money would tempt him even to touch it; he said that it was held in the greatest abhorrence and fear by all the Mexicans on account of its deadly properties, and no one acquainted with them would touch the leaf or a seed on any account. He said the seed was "Diablo Miracioso" or the miraculous devil. A more marvellous-looking article we never saw set out for sale; it is suggestive of spiritualism, occult forces and other strange powers. It is well known that a ball made of the fifth of July may be so charged with electricity, by means of friction, that it will jump about for a considerable time. The only possible explanation of the extraordinary movements of the miraculous devil seed is, that it is naturally charged with a vast quantity of electric fluid, which keeps it continually in motion.

* He was dug out alive seven or eight hours afterwards.

THE WELCOME HOME TO HENRY WARD BEECHER.

MR. BEECHER has made himself a man in whom the whole country takes an interest. His frank, fearless utterance, his self-reliance, his true instincts of heart and mind have won him the respect of those even who look upon him as a dangerous man.

His return from his recent trip to Europe, where his voice was raised, and not in vain, for our nationhood, called forth an outburst of hearty welcome from his friends, and especially from the congregation of Plymouth Church. We accordingly give an accurate portrait from a recent photograph, a view of the famous Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, and also the interior of the Sunday Schoolroom during the reception given him there on the evening of Nov. 17.

Notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, the festival at Plymouth Church, welcoming home the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher on his return from Europe, attracted together a large assemblage of his friends. The limitation of the number of tickets prevented the annoyance of so dense a crowd as would otherwise have been experienced. The lecture-room, parlors and Sabbath-school were decorated with a beauty and taste that cannot be appreciated from a mere description, but of which our engraving will give a better idea than words could express.

The doors were opened at 5 o'clock, and soon afterwards the several rooms were occupied by hundreds of smiling faces, and groups of happy children passed to and fro, enjoying themselves freely—less quietly than their seniors, but without disturbance or confusion. At 6 o'clock the principal portion of the assembly had taken their seats in the church, where Helmsmiller's Germania Band commenced their entertainment with a grand march, "Welcome Home," of which the familiar melody, "Home again," formed the theme, which was followed by selections from the opera of "Ione," and other pieces.

At 7 o'clock the musical entertainment was replaced by the Stereopticon, which, although not upon the principle of the Stereoscope, yet, by the aid of photographed slides, represented various European scenes with a fidelity making the illusion perhaps not less complete.

At 8 o'clock the Rev. Mr. Beecher, accompanied by the Rev. Mr. Cuyler and Mr. Bell, the Superintendent of the Sunday-school, came upon the platform.

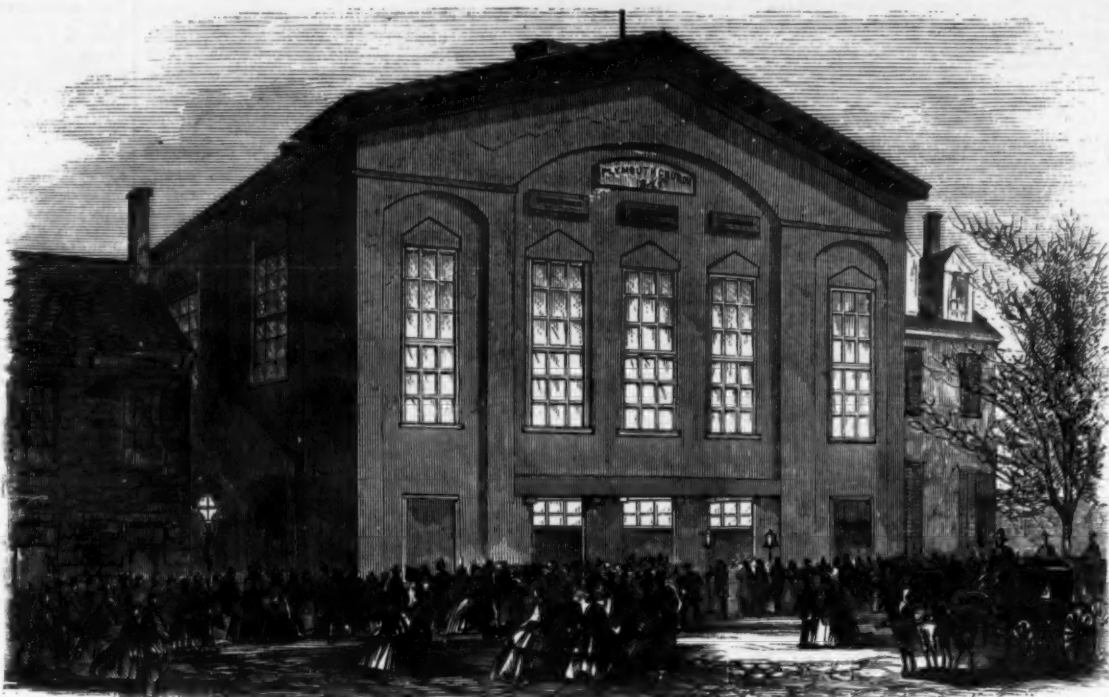
Mr. Bell said: "The hour long looked for by so many of us has come at last. Our hearts have beat long for this moment. The many weeks he has been kept away from us longer than we anticipated only make us welcome him the more warmly, now that he has come, and we can welcome our dear pastor to our midst."

Mr. Beecher responded in a happy and forcible address, recounting briefly his European tour, and expressing his delight to be once more among his friends. The next evening the festival continued at the church, and on Thursday at the Academy of Music, Brooklyn, where Mr. Beecher delivered an address of singular power, which will be read with interest throughout the land. In logical connection, force and brilliancy it was superior to any of his published speeches, and it analyzes remarkably the sentiments and character of the British people.

THE WAR IN TEXAS.

The Occupation of the Rio Grande.

THE sudden movement of Gen. Banks by water, after drawing Magruder into the low grounds of Louisiana, has been most successful, and the important line of the Rio Grande has, to all appearance, been occupied without loss. The importance of the movement cannot be overrated. This great step has been looked for by the country since Gen. Banks sailed to New Orleans. Ever since the commencement of the rebellion the rebels have sent their cotton across the river into Mexico, receiving in return arms and needed supplies. This, it is to be hoped, has now been stopped and for ever. We are happy to be able to lay before our readers sketches of this movement. To the politeness of Lieut. Anders, Secretary to Gen. Banks, we are indebted for a sketch of the landing of the expedition on Brazos Island, Nov. 2.



PLYMOUTH CHURCH, BROOKLYN, UNDER THE PASTORAL CARE OF REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER.



REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER.—FROM THE LATEST PHOTOGRAPH.

We also give a fine view of Brownsville, which was immediately occupied, but not before the rebel soldiers retreating from Fort Brown had endeavored to destroy it. The Union men extinguished the fire and a bloody fight ensued. Our sketch shows the ferries busy at work transporting the cotton to the Mexican shore.

We give two views of Matamoros, the Mexican city opposite, exterior and interior, from careful and accurate sketches, enabling our readers to transport themselves at once to the scene of Taylor's early exploits, and the scene, we trust, of new triumphs of the Stars and Stripes.

LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN.

SINCE the battle of Chancellorsville the contending armies have been face to face near Chattanooga, the rebels occupying the important position of Lookout Mountain. At an abrupt precipitous point in its ascent they have planted a battery of apparently three rifled 32-pounders, with which they have, since the 16th Nov., shelled Hooker's camp, Moccasin point and the Chattanooga camps, occasionally, too, throwing a shell into the town. In spite of the advantage of position they have hitherto done little execution. Our sketch gives a fine idea of the bold mountain scenery of Tennessee and of the position of the contending armies of Bragg and Thomas.

From this point of view the rebel battery and signal station on the mountain are seen clearly, Chattanooga surrounded by the tents of the Union army appears beyond, the Tennessee river on the left and the encampment of the 11th corps in the foreground. A white building towards the centre is a mill where the pickets of the two armies meet.

FORT SUMTER, NOV. 10, 1863,

At 4 P. M., as seen from the Beacon House.

By this sketch our readers will be able to form a very correct idea of the remains of the once defiant fortress. On the right will be seen a bank of earth and debris in shadow; this is what is left of the south-east face, while above it in high light stands the broken and crumbling north-east face. In the centre and adjacent thereto the flag peers above the mangled portions of the gorge wall. Above the line formed by the top of the debris of the prostrate masonry is observable, in shadow, the jagged features of the north-west face.

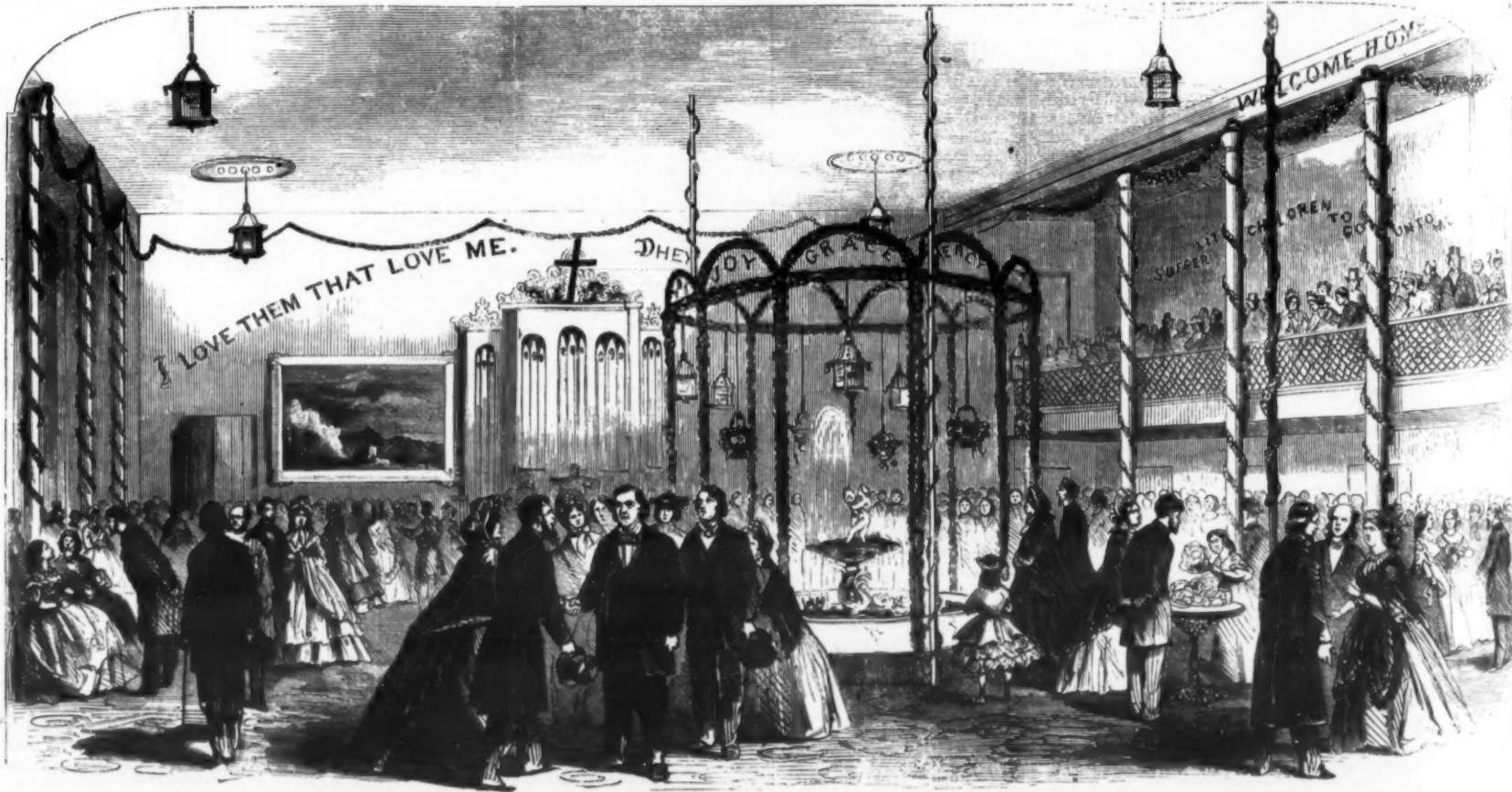
The high mound noticeable on the extreme left hand corner of the drawing forms the upper portion to a bombproof, which, like the scabby battleflag, is being rapidly shot away, losing its identity in the pulverized masses around it.

The rebel journals proclaim a list of casualties to the garrison of this historical heap which is a sufficient proof of the accuracy of our artist's sketch.

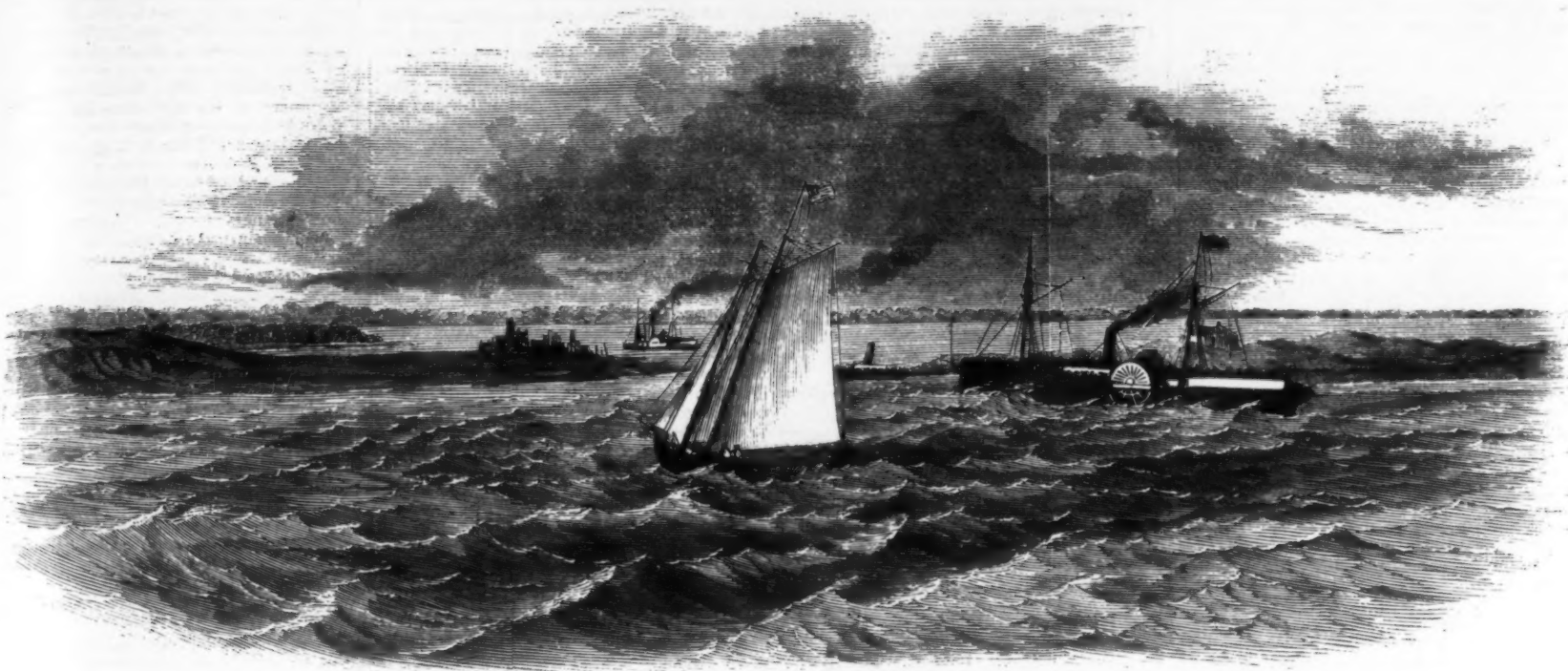
KELLY'S FORD ON THE RAPPAHANNOCK.

Who has not heard of Kelly's Ford and its glories told in prose and verse, and now presented in all its beauty here by the artist's pencil? Few points have more frequently seen brisk, vigorous, decisive fighting; few contests more uniformly resulting in the glory and triumph of the loyal men fighting to uphold the old renown, the Constitution and the existence of the United States. Here Averill so completely of old broke the prestige of Southern cavalry superiority, here more recently Meade so completely surprised the enemy, by the combined attack which he made here and at Rappahannock station after drawing Lee away by a masterly stratagem. The rebel breastworks in the foreground partly hide the steeds of the two horsemen, and here they were so completely taken by surprise.

The wheel base of a locomotive engine, as now generally adopted in England on the new engines, is 15 feet. Some express engines have 18 feet.



THE SABBATH SCHOOLROOM OF THE PLYMOUTH CHURCH, BROOKLYN, AT THE "WELCOME HOME" TO REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER, NOV. 17.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.



THE WAR IN TEXAS—LANDING OF GENERAL BATES'S ARMY AT BRAZOS ISLAND, NOV. 2.—FROM A SKETCH BY LIEUT. J. L. ANDEM.

LOUISA SCHNEIDER.

CRUELTY TO CHILDREN.—The report of a coroner's inquest, held the day before yesterday, brings to light some facts in connection with our public schools which demand immediate attention. The deceased, Louisa Schneider, was a child only four years of age, and had been an attendant at the Twenty-fourth ward public school. It is the habit, it seems, in this institution to detain after school hours such of the children as have been backward in their lessons, or misconducted themselves during the day.



This poor little creature was kept in, with twelve others, to learn a spelling lesson which she had been unable to master in the forenoon, and she took it so much to heart that on returning to her seat she was seized with syncope, and in a few minutes expired.—*New York Herald*, Nov. 17, 1863.

We stand within a massive pile,
Upread to teach the heart;
A casket where our precious gems
Receive the touch of art;
A handful of the treasures God
Entrusted to our care,
With all the sparkle fled away,
Are sadly gathered there.

Babes who should know a mother's care,
A tender nurse's arms,
Are cowering under threats and frowns,
A prey to vague alarms;
Their infant brains are overtaxed
Where love turns not the page,
And ere their childish years are flown
They know the cares of age.

A bright-eyed child of tender years
In pallid terror stands,
And in her guileless, frightened way,
Begs mercy at their hands;
No mercy there! the task is set;
It looms before her gaze,
Like some grim spectre, staring through
A dim, mysterious haze.

The little one, with terror mute,
Crawls hopeless to her place,
Her eyes have lost their wonted fire,
And whiteness fills her face;
And while the loathsome task goes on,
Among her little mates,
She heaves one wild convulsive gasp,
And enters Heaven's gates.

Oh! mothers from your quiet homes
Stretch forth your hearts to me,
There's danger by your glowing hearths,
A fiend you cannot see;
A lurking fiend, with smiling face,
And death-concealing grasp,
Whose breath is deadlier than the fangs
Of vile, insidious asp!

Look round into your loved ones' eyes,
That glow with eager fire!
Beware, oh, mothers, that the light
Is not a funeral pyre!
You miss the roses on their cheeks,
You miss their childish way,
And mark the freedom of their steps
Grows lesser day by day.

God trusted you with treasures rare,
To cherish for his sake;
Remember! these have living hearts,
A single act may break!
Oh! think of that poor sinless babe,
That died beneath a frown,
And crush not heart and intellect,
With heartless teaching down!

MOSS FARM.

By Mary Kyle Dallas.

LIEUTENANT WARRINGTON READE, just twenty-eight, the supposed heir of his rich maternal uncle, Warrington Warrington, of Warrington Hall, and withal one of the handsomest young fellows to be met with anywhere, had returned from

the seat of war, having resigned his position in consequence of ill-health and wounds received upon the field of battle, and betaken himself to his old suite of rooms at the — House, with the expectation of dying there. There had been a very sentimental parting between some of his brother-officers and himself, and old soldiers shook their heads when he was out of sight, and said, "Poor fellow, so young and so gallant, it is a great pity!" and not one of them expected to see him alive any more than he expected to live himself.

For once, however, they were all mistaken. Youth and a naturally good constitution triumphed. In a little while the young soldier himself acknowledged that he was stronger. The color began to return to his cheek and the flesh to his attenuated form, and by-and-by he arose from his couch little the worse, outwardly, for all he had passed through, save for a slight limp, which would pass off in time, and a strong disposition to be low-spirited and look upon the darkest side of every picture. He was tired of his dwelling-place, of his luxurious fare, of his friends, male and female; tired of reading, of driving out, of his meerschaum and of everything. He was getting well fast, but he had made up his mind to die, and appeared to think that it was his duty to carry out his first intentions. In fact, with everything to make him happy, life seemed very worthless to him, and he spent most of his time on the sofa, with a handkerchief over his face and a volume of "Volney's Ruins" close beside him.

"You should take exercise, and go into company and shake off these confounded blues," said the doctor. "You'd be well in a fortnight."

"I'm too lame to take exercise," replied the young lieutenant; "and I don't care for anything. Everything bores me. I'm not sure that life is worth troubling one's self to keep, it's so monotonous."

"What a pity it is that you are not a mason or a carpenter; you would have to rouse yourself and go to work to earn your bread and butter if you were," growled the doctor. "You are the victim of laziness, do you know that? Wretched because fate has been generous to you."

Warrington Reade yawned.

"I sometimes wish I were a mechanic or a



Bad News.

farmer," he said. "White drove me out of town in his buggy last week, and we passed a ploughboy on the road, hard at work and whistling all the while like a bird. I fairly envied the fellow."

"Ah, ha!" cried the doctor. "The very thing for you!"

"What, to be a ploughboy?"

"Nonsense! To go into the country."

"It would be no change, doctor. I should see the same old set. The Millets and Miss Minnow, Jack Ogleby and Mrs. Rose, and all the rest of them flirting, and dancing, and chattering at Newport, or Saratoga, or Lake George, just as they used to do here, only the ladies would wear round hats instead of bonnets, and walk on the cliff instead of the fashionable side of Broadway. I know it all by heart."

"Tut, tut!" cried the doctor. "Am I such a fool as to call a fashionable summer resort the country? No; I mean an old-fashioned farmhouse, amongst the woods and mountains, where you could roll on the grass and fish, and go to apple-pickings and corn-huskings, and be as jolly and unceremonious as you chose."

"Doctor," cried Warrington, "you know I can hardly limp from one room to the other. Roll on the grass and go to corn-huskings, indeed! However, I've always had a fancy to die in the country and lie buried in some quiet, out-of-the-way nook, behind a church. I think I'll go somewhere."

"Good!" cried the doctor. "Order your tombstone beforehand and set off to-morrow," and away he trotted, laughing.

It was very heartless, very coarse, but then doctors were always unfeeling brutes, thought Warrington. Nevertheless he took the advice, and set about looking for a farmhouse to end his days in. One was discovered at last. Jonathan Moss, in the heart of New Jersey, sometimes took boarders of a summer. "Nice old man," said his informant; "sets a splendid country table and gives you a feather-bed the size of a haystack to sleep on, and never bores you. He must have a pretty granddaughter, too, by this time, if she has grown up what she promised. I'd advise you to go there."



The Rescue.

Thereupon Mr. Moss was consulted; consented to receive what the young lieutenant chose to style "an invalid," and offered to be at the station himself, with his light wagon, when the cars stopped. It was all arranged, and Warrington Reade started, with "Volney" for a companion, and a new cane, capable of supporting the feeble footsteps of the most decrepit grandsire, beside him, for Moss Farm.

Uncle Moss, so every one called him, was at the depot, and there were pillows and cushions in the wagon, and Warrington made himself very comfortable amongst them, so comfortable, in fact, that he soon fell sound asleep. He was awakened by the vehicle coming to a sudden stop, and, sitting up, saw that they were at the door of an old red farm house. The sun was going down, and the windows were like sheets of beaten gold, and in the doorway, shading her eyes with her hand as she looked up at the old man in the wagon, stood a young girl, a pretty creature of seventeen, with a skin like cream and cheeks like strawberries, and hair that was not brown, yet was paler and mellow than gold, braided in heavy masses at the back of her shapely head. And a sweet voice uttered the words:

"Dear me, grandpa, we began to think you must be lost."

"I driv' slow, you see, my dear," said uncle Moss, "on account of the poor young gentleman. He is sound asleep inside—oh, no he ain't; he's waked up. How dy'e feel yourself now, sir?"

For the first time for months Warrington was not thinking of his own sufferings, and it provoked him to be styled a "poor young gentleman," as though he were a cripple or a hunchback. He answered, rather testily, that he felt quite well, and would have left the gold-headed cane behind him but for uncle Moss's ejaculation of:

"Lor', you've went and forgot your stick; and you so lame, too."

He had given himself out as an invalid, and they would have him on, uncle Moss, unty Moss and their pretty granddaughter. He must lie upon a lounge amongst cushions immediately, and at the teatable must have a large armchair and a footstool, and was continually exhorted by the old man to "lean back and act just as if he was to hum." Shy Mildred—Mildred was the young girl's name—said nothing, but she peeped at him sometimes from under her brown eyelashes and blushed rosy red when she found him looking at her. He thought there never was a sweeter little creature than she looked in her dress of spotless muslin, with a knot of blue ribbon at the throat, and wondered what opinion she had formed of him, and waxed wroth at uncle Moss once more for having introduced him as the "poor young gentleman."

The bed on which he slept that night was, as his friend had averred, as large as a haystack and as sweet as the hay new mown. He slept soundly, and dreamt of light-haired damsels with skyblue eyes and dimpled cheeks and chin, duplicates, if truth must be told, of little Mildred Moss.

In the morning he wondered what made him feel so well and buoyant, and decided that it was the country air.

There were no other strangers at Moss Farm, and the good old people, who had a son, then youngest and dearest, somewhere at the seat of war, took a great interest in the young soldier for his sake. Perhaps Mildred was interested in him for his own—certainly she was very kind to him in her own shy way; never hesitated to sing for him (she had had lessons on the piano), and accompanied herself on a gingham little upright, which occupied a corner of the parlor, and often read to him.

One day, as they stood together on the porch, she offered, "as soon as he was strong enough," to show him a certain romantic little spring in the woods, of which they had been talking. And Warrington declaring that he was strong enough already, they set off together, slowly, for that limp was really troublesome still, and he had not regained his light-measured pace yet. It was a pretty place when they got there, and they sat down to rest upon a fallen log, and shimmering sunbeams tumbled through the foliage down upon Mildred's braided hair, and kissed Warrington's black locks with gold, and then and there they fell into secret and sentimental admiration of each other. "She is pure and beautiful," thought Warrington. "He is so gallant and tall, and handsome," thought little Mildred, and Capt. listening behind the bushes, laughed and got his fleetest arrow ready. And rising to go homeward Warrington tripped on the pebbles and nearly fell. He laughed at it, but Mildred looked anxious.

"I was wrong to bring you such a distance," she said, and in her innocent penitence she made him lean upon her arm that he might not trip again.

Oh that plump, white arm, just shadowed by the open muslin sleeve, into one dimple for an elbow, what a thrill it sent into Warrington's heart. He took pains to limp more, and she told him to lean more heavily on her and not be afraid, for she was very strong.

And the young soldier made answer—

"This is nothing. It will pass off in a little while, but I came very near being a cripple for life, Mildred. (It had come to Christian names weeks before.) But for my own obstinacy I should have suffered an amputation."

"Oh!" she gave a little pitying cry, and he looked down into her eyes.

"It would have been hard, would it not, Mildred? for then if I had ever met any one I loved I could never have told her how I felt. A girl could not like a mutilated and disfigured man much, could she, Mildred?"

"I think she could," quoth Mildred, "if she liked him before. I think," and her voice sank to a whisper, "that she would love him better for it, poor fellow."

"Do you?" and his head was quite under the little round hat she wore. "Ah, Mildred, she might have pitied him, but, in earnest, now, could she have been his wife?"

If he had not been so close to Mildred, Warrington would not have heard her say, "All the more, if she loved him, for she would have the right to nurse and take care of him."

"Ah!" Warrington gave a great sigh. "It would be worth being a cripple for. Still I am glad that I escaped, and that I shall soon be strong again, and that when I come to have a wife I shall be her protector, she leaning on my arm through life, not I on hers, Mildred."

Oh the way he looked into her eyes, and the way she blushed from brow to dimpled chin. After that when they walked in the woods or orchard, Warrington would lean on Mildred's arm, until she discovered that he was no longer in the least lame, and one day refused it. Then he made her take his, and as they walked, kept her little hand always on his sleeve.

"You were so kind to me when I was ill," he said. "Don't make me dislike health by being less so to me now. I shall wound myself over again on purpose if you do?"

It was a strange, happy, idle life. Warrington had never been so much of a boy before. There were no grand parties or champagne suppers. They arose at six and generally retired before ten. And of a Sunday all was so quiet about the farm, and Warrington went to church, the old people going on before, and they two, Mildred and himself, following arm in arm. Good uncle Moss not wondering in the least, for he believed firmly that "the poor young gentleman" was not well enough to walk fast yet. And Warrington held Mildred's little scarlet-colored hymn book, and joined his voice with hers, and when she bent her head in prayer, oh, how sweet it was to fancy, as he stood in the pew beside her, that she prayed for him. Looking back, Warrington used to think that if ever he was fit to die it was on one of those still Sabbath mornings, when the musical thunder of the grand old organ filled the church, and Mildred's voice arose so sweetly, and Mildred's pure young face looked to his loving eyes like that of some bright angel, and for once at least all earthly pomps and vanities were banished from his mind, and he only wished to be worthy of her, and worthy of Heaven.

One morning an unruly bull let loose in a great field thought fit to take umbrage at the knot of scarlet ribbon in the net which Mildred sometimes wore, and chased her. Certainly her life was in danger, and there might have been an end to the story, but that Warrington Reade, waiting for her behind the bramble bushes at the end of the field, saw her peril. He gave a spring, like that of a tigress who sees her young one in danger, and in a moment faced the bull with a revolver (he had acquired the habit of carrying a pair about him in the army, and had never left it off) in his hand, and in a moment, as the brute bent his horned head with a threatening bellow, shot him between the eyes. The creature dropped as though struck by lightning, and in an instant Warrington had the fainting Mildred in his arms, and was kissing her closed eyes and calling her all the sweet names in love's calendar. And then as the blue orbs opened and turned upon him, he cried—

"Oh, Mildred, if I had lost you. If I had seen you torn to death by that accursed brute, how should I have lived in this desolate world? How could I have borne the fearful loneliness?"

And he would not put her down but carried her quite into the old kitchen, where aunt Moss, when she heard the story, wept and blessed him for saving her darling's life.

It was that very evening that uncle Moss coming home from New York, said—

"Well, wife, will you take another city boarder? A lady this time?"

"Well, we've got plenty o' room," replied aunt Moss. "I don't care."

"It's well you don't," laughed the old man, "for I've 'greed to her comin. Her name—Lor! I've forgot it. But I've got her card sommers if I ain't lost it. No, here it is. Miss Lavinia Clyde."

"Lavinia Clyde?" exclaimed Warrington Reade in astonishment. "It can't be Miss Lavinia Clyde?"

"Do you know her?" queried aunt Moss.

"Yes," replied Warrington, feeling, he knew not why, exceedingly provoked. "Yes, we have been acquainted for some time."

"That'll make it very pleasant," said aunt Moss, "so much nicer than an entire stranger."

Warrington did not think so, though he kept his thoughts to himself.

Miss Clyde was a handsome, dashing belle, with whom he had had quite a flirtation during the winter previous to his departure for the army. What would she say to find him domesticated in Uncle Moss's family? He could see the sarcastic curl of her red lip; the disdainful toss of her proud head. She would not be sociable; they would not be happier for having her amongst them. Little Mildred would be afraid of her. He knew that. Still he had not the courage to say—

"Don't have Miss Clyde here, uncle Moss."

She came next day, and with her came an array of trunks, boxes and cases, which caused aunt Moss to ejaculate, "Good gracious!" She did not seem much astonished at Warrington's presence. In fact, she had heard of his being at Moss Farm before she resolved to spend the summer there, but that was a secret. And when she shook hands with him and said—

"You look so much better; we were afraid we should lose you," with a glance that said more by far than those simple words.

He felt a little pleased and flattered by her interest in him. Certainly, if ever masculine vanity had a right to feel tickled it had in this case. From the hour of her arrival, Miss Clyde made a dead set at Warrington Reade.

I hate to tell such things of a woman, but she certainly did make love to him. She managed to keep him constantly by her side, and Mildred, who was afraid of her, as Warrington had thought she

would be, shrank into the background. The long walks were over. The reading of Moore's melodies on the vine wreathed porch. Even the church-going was not the same, for he sauntered then beside Miss Clyde, and Mildred walked with her grand-parents. And on the first evening the lady, requested to sing, opened the little upright piano, touched it carelessly, and burst into a laugh.

"You mean creature," she cried, "to play me such a trick. You knew I could not play on that cracked old thing. I'll send for my guitar next week, and then we can have a little music."

Somehow the little piano had not sounded so badly when Mildred played her simple accompaniment upon it. But he never asked her to sing after that, and if he had she would not in the presence of that haughty lady. She was very quiet and a little paler than usual, and kept at the farther end of the room, or made excuses to leave it altogether of an evening.

At first he used to follow her, and then she smiled and brightened, but, by-and-bye, half fascinated by Miss Clyde's advances, half piqued that Mildred made no efforts to retain his attention, he devoted himself to the beautiful lady, meaning sometime to go back to little Mildred and make all up with her. Loving and admiring her still, but not willing to expose his penchant for one whom Miss Clyde had declared "A little country dowdy, with no manners and no beauty."

He did not sleep well, and his conscience pricked him now and then, but he comforted himself thus: "I never made love to Mildred." Ah, he meant he never made love in so many words. "And if she likes me, she ought to let me know it, as Miss Clyde does."

Poor Mildred, she had been rudely awakened out of her happy dream. But simple country girl though she was, there was an inborn dignity about her that enabled her to bear the blow bravely, at least in outward seeming.

"I am a woman, he a man," she argued, all untaught. "If he does not care for me, and I have been mistaken all this while, it would be very wrong and very immodest for me to love him or let him think I do." So she went about her household work, and fed the chickens, and milked the cows, and pared the ruddy-cheeked apples just ripening into bloom upon the trees in the old orchard, and helped aunt Moss make them into tarts and pies and spoke pleasantly to the proud lady who had called her a little country dowdy, but who envied her pure freshness at the bottom of her heart, and was not in the slightest danger of sinking into a "disappointed old maid," although all alone in the little room, she could not help shedding a few tears as she thought of the change a few weeks had wrought.

Aunt Moss had never guessed the true state of things. "Birds of a feather flock together," she said. "It's nat'ral them two city folks should like each other. I shouldn't wonder if there'd be a weddin' some day."

Mildred said nothing. Once she had had dreams of a wedding in the old church in which she should figure as a bride in snowy muslin and wreath of orange blossoms, but she had put them aside now, and was trying, with all her little might, to forget them.

Warrington Reade's heart smote him as he passed the window soon after and saw her girlish face, with a sad, unnaturally quiet look upon it, bent over her knitting. But Miss Clyde, who was hanging on his arm, whispered, "What a cross little thing that is; she's always sulking." And he went with her into the little parlor and sat talking sentiment beside her on the old-fashioned sofa until tea time.

That very evening, when he went to the post-office to ask for letters, he found one marked "In haste," and opening it, read that his uncle Warrington had returned to Warrington Hall very ill, and was lying at the point of death in the old family mansion. He was an old bachelor, and Warrington Reade was his only relative.

It was plainly his place to be at his uncle's bedside. He left by the midnight train, and the good old people sat up to see him off, and shook hands with him heartily at parting, and Miss Clyde waved her kerchief to him from the window in the moonlight. But he saw nothing of Mildred, though he lingered to the latest moment.

Inconsiderate man! It stung him to the quick as he hurried along towards the depot, to think the girl he had so slighted was not there to bid him good-bye.

Thinking of it, he wrapped himself in his travelling shawl and buried himself in the car, glad that there were few passengers and that the lights were dim. And now that he was fairly out of the sphere of Miss Clyde's fascinations, he began to think. Did he love her?—did she love him? Was there anything half so sweet in this dazzled fascination as in the tender quiet of the time when Mildred seemed all his own? Oh! no, no. And reclining on the cushions he gave himself up to sorrow and remorse. He had forgotten where he was, when a shock like that of an earthquake came upon him. He saw the dim lights dance and topple down, heard a chorus of screams and felt a mighty pain. Then he knew no more for many hours.

When he awoke strange faces were bending over him and skilful hands were binding up many a wound and bruise upon his limbs and body. He felt sick unto death, and did not believe them when they told him he was in no danger.

"Take me back to Moss Farm," he said. "Let me see them before I die."

And a good old voice at his head answered, "Bless you, lad, I'm goin' too. I run up th' mainit I hear'n tell of the collision; but you ain't goin' to die nor nothin' yet, you know."

And Warrington knew that uncle Moss was there.

They carried him back slowly and carefully, for he was grievously hurt, to the farmhouse. And as he was borne through the hall, he heard a quick

hysterical sob, and a smothered cry of, "Warrington, oh, Warrington!" He fancied it was Mildred's voice, but could not be sure.

There on the fresh country bed he lay days and days in a low fever. And aunt Moss nursed him, and Miss Clyde took her place by his bed, and sometimes waking from a slumber he thought he saw Mildred gliding away. But she never sat beside him or spoke to him.

When he was just able to sit up and read it there came to him a letter sealed with black. Miss Clyde brought it to him. It announced his uncle's death, and also communicated the fact that for some unexpected reason he had been disinherited. All the vast fortune had been left to a certain designing individual who had paid court to the old bachelor for many years, save a small legacy, some few hundreds only, left from some qualm of conscience to his nephew, who had been brought up with every prospect of being his sole heir.

Washington Reade was taken utterly by surprise—hurt, indignant and bewildered. He refolded the letter and closed his eyes. Miss Clyde came to the bedside and bent over him.

"Your uncle is gone, I fear," she said, in an excited yet suppressed voice. "You seem overcome."

Warrington only moved his head in answer, and Miss Clyde brought cologne water and bathed his temples, and put his hair back with her soft hand. He opened his eyes and smiled gratefully, and took her little fingers and pressed them to his lips. After all she seemed the only one in the world who cared anything about him. At that moment he loved her more than he had ever done before.

Pretty soon he lay quiet as though asleep, and then through his drooping lashes he saw Miss Clyde do an odd thing. First listening to his breathing, as though to assure herself that he slumbered, she took the letter softly from the bed, went on tiptoe to the window, and there, with her back toward him, seemed to read it. He watched her all the while, and saw her, as she finished, fling it from her angrily, stamp her foot upon the floor, and utter, in a hissing whisper, the words:

"What a fool I've been!"

In a moment she calmed herself, replaced the letter, and glided from the room. While he was wondering what all this meant, Warrington Reade fell asleep in reality. When he awoke, aunt Moss sat beside him.

"La, what a nap you've had," she said. "And here's the young lady gone off while you was asleep; she wouldn't wake you to say good-bye—you needed rest so much, she said."

"Gone off! who has gone?" asked Warrington.

"Miss Clyde, to be sure. Some of her folks was sick, she said, and she had to go. All her baggage is gone too; and like as not we shan't see her again. But you'll be apt to when you go to York, so don't be put out."

Warrington had looked astonished and a little grieved. If she were so devoted to him, how could she leave him so? Then he thought of the letter and flushed angrily. It burst upon him all at once she had discovered that he was disinherited, and this was why she was gone.

And now he never saw Mildred, never once. He did not like to ask why she did not come. He knew why. He had cut away the links that bound that gentle heart to his with his own hand. Mildred never asked if he were penniless, or wealthy before she loved him—he knew that—and from her pure affection he had turned, blindly fascinated by the woman who had only sought to wed the heir of the rich Warrington, and who had never loved him for himself. It was too late—too late! He must gather strength as soon as he could, and leave Moss Farm for ever.

At last the day came when he could leave his room and go into the garden. He was yet dizzy and weak, and leant upon his staff like an old man, for the accident had brought on a slight relapse of his lameness. But he knew that in a week or two he should be quite well once more, and that perhaps a long life was before him; a wretched life, separated for ever from Mildred Moss, and by his own folly. Only the week before he had heard of Miss Clyde. A letter from a college chum mentioned her thus:

"By the way, do you remember Lavinia Clyde? She has been raising quite an excitement here, by engaging herself to Hiram Gail, the fellow who wheeled your uncle into making him his heir, as every one knows. There was a flirtation between them long ago, and she jilted him; probably she has an eye to his fortune in the present reconciliation, for he is uninteresting and about as handsome as a satyr."

Warrington thought of this passage as he paced the little garden path slowly; every word was a sting to him.

Suddenly he came to a pause. He had turned the corner of the house, and there, under the grape-vine, sat Mildred with a great bowl in her lap plucking currants. Aunt Moss sat beside her knitting, and their backs were towards him. It was so long since he had seen Mildred that he could not resist the temptation of stopping to look at her, and the tears filled his eyes, and his heart beat wildly as he gazed on the good and pure-souled maiden to whom he had been so false, and whom he again loved so hopelessly. She scorned him now, and he deserved it.

While he stood there, aunt Moss spoke: "Warrington Reade is a heap better; he'll be right well soon. What an escape he has had; and how thankful I am for it. I declare I love him as if he was my own son, and I reckon he likes me as most as if I was his mother."

"No, grandma," said Mildred, "don't think that, he does not."

"La, how do you know?" asked the old lady. "I'm sure of it," said Mildred. "He is handsome and winning, and has a way with him that might make any one think he liked them. But it is not so. We are only poor country folks; he would be ashamed of us before his friends. The

best thing we can do is to forget him as soon as we can, and not expect gratitude or love for anything we do for him."

"La," cried aunt Moss, "what a wrong idea you have of him; you are mistaken, I'm sure, Milly."

"I was mistaken once," said Mildred, quietly. "Before Miss Clyde came, I thought he really liked me a great deal. But it was only his way, and I was very foolish to fancy it. I don't want to think so again, such mistakes are very hard to forget. I for one know that I was only misled by my own ignorance of fashionable manners when I fancied Mr. Reade liked me at all."

The listener could contain himself no longer. He left the shadow of the grape vine and stood before them pale and trembling.

"Mildred!" he cried, "Mildred Moss, unsay those words. You know that I did all I could to prove I loved you. I have been mad I think, for I love you now from the very bottom of my soul. Oh, Mildred! you are so good, so forgiving; have pity on me, don't quite hate me. I yearn so for one loving look from you, one touch of that dear hand. Mildred, Mildred! only love me again. I wandered away once, but I have come back penitent and wretched, and I loved you all the while, Mildred."

She let him take her hand, but her face was sad still. "I do not blame you," she said, "you cannot help your nature; you are acting on impulse now. I forgive you any pain you may have given me; be happy and leave me."

"Leave you! Oh, Mildred, Mildred! do not drive me from you. Give me the old place in your heart. I never loved you half so truly. Look into my face, Mildred Moss; I shall die if you have grown to hate me."

Her lip trembled.

"I do not hate you," she said.

"But you will not love me, Mildred."

The girl's bosom rose and fell; two diamond tears quivered on her lashes; Warrington saw them and sank upon his knee before her.

"You do love me a little still," he whispered, opening wide his arms, and in an instant she sunk into them, sobbing like a child. He sobbed also, and clasped her to his heart. As the blessed knowledge that she was his once more sunk into his soul, and both of them forgot old aunt Moss, who, ejaculating, "Who'd he thought it?" hurried off to tell uncle Moss down in the orchard that "all this time Milly and Warrington Reade had been keeping steady company, and had had a spat and were making it up now; did you ever?"

Uncle Moss never did. And the old folks considerably stayed in the old orchard a good while, for, as uncle Moss said to "Aunt," "They remembered what sparking times were."

And so the happy days came back, and Mildred read to him, and sang to him, and walked arm-in-arm with him to church. And when Christmas time came, the old farm parlor was bright with waxen lights one night, and there was laughter and music and dancing, such as only a country wedding can awaken. And Warrington Reade, looking down into Mildred's tender eyes, blest in his heart of hearts the day that brought him to Moss Farm.

HABITS OF THE MOLE.

"NOTES on the Mole," by the Rev. J. G. Wood, in Messrs. Groombridge's entertaining magazine, show how well worthy, too, of accurate study by the naturalist our native animals are. Some young friends captured a mole, and brought it to that naturalist, secured in a large box. It ran about with great agility, thrusting its long and flexible snout into every crevice. A little earth was placed in the box, when the mole pushed its way through the loose soil, entering and re-entering the heap, and in a few moments scattering the earth tolerably evenly over the box, every now and then twitching with a quick, convulsive shaking the loose earth from its fur. At one moment the mole was grubbing away, hardly to be distinguished from the surrounding soil completely covered with dust; the next instant the moving dust heap had vanished, and in its place was a soft, velvety coat. The creature was unremitting in its attempts to get through the box, but the wood was too tough for it to make any impression, and after satisfying itself it could not get through a deal board, it took to attempts to scurgle over the sides, ever slipping sideways and coming on its forefeet. The rapid mobility of its snout was astonishing, but its senses of sight and smell seem to be practically obsolete, for a worm placed in its track within the tenth of an inch of its nose was not detected, although no sooner did its nose or foot touch one, than in a moment it fung itself upon its prey and shook the worm backwards and forwards and scratched it about until it got one end or other into its mouth, when it devoured it greedily, the crunching sound of its teeth being audible two yards away. Worms it ate as fast as supplied, devouring it in 15 minutes, after which it was supplied with a second batch of ten. It was then tried with millipedes, but invariably rejected them.

Having heard from popular reports that a twelve hours' fast would kill a mole, Mr. Wood determined to give his captive a good supper at eight, and an early breakfast the next morning at five or six. So he dug perseveringly a large handful of worms and put them in the box. As the mole went backwards and forwards it happened to touch one of the worms, and immediately flew at it, and while trying to get it into his mouth the mole came upon the mass of worms and fung itself upon them in a paroxysm of excitement, pulling them about, too overjoyed with the treasure to settle on any individual particular. At last it caught one of them and began crunching, the rest making their escape in all directions and burrowing into the loose mould. Thinking the animal had now a good supply—two dozen worms having been put into the box—Mr. Wood shut it up with an easy conscience; but it happened the following morning, that the rain fell in a perfect torrent, and hoping for remission, he waited until nine o'clock, before he opened the box. Twelve hours had just elapsed since the mole had received its supply, and as it had taken probably another hour in hunting about the box before it had devoured them all, not more than eleven hours had probably elapsed since the last worm was consumed. But the mole was dead. "I forgot," Mr. Wood says, "to weigh the worms which he devoured, but as they would have filled my two hands held endwise, I may infer that they weighed very little less than the animal who ate them." The extreme voracity and restlessness of the little creature here recorded show its value to the agriculturist as a sub-soil drainer who works without wages, and its great usefulness in keeping down the prolific race of worms, themselves useful in their way, as forming in the main the fertile soil itself.

THE END OF SUMMER.

BREEZES through the woods are sighing
For the summer that is dying,
Soon on dead leaves sere and yellow
Will the winter snows be dying.

Birds from branch to branch are flitting,
Birds among the oaks are sitting,
For the summer that is fading
Singing requiem most fitting.

And the silent sunbeams playing
O'er the light fern leaves, seem saying,
"Spare, oh spare the gentle summer!"
E'en the trees themselves are praying.

By the pond the willows waving,
Their green tops the waters laving,
Droop their heads in silent anguish
That they have no power of saving.

O'er the pond which now was sleeping,
See! a sudden chill is creeping;
Look! the waves in terror shudder,
And the clouds above are weeping.
Summer is dead!

AN EXCURSION AFTER CHAMOIS.

"WHAT do you say, Paulet, to a day or two among the mountains, chamois shooting?"

"I should like it very much. This is a very pleasant place to visit and the scenery is very grand, and all that sort of thing, but I am getting dreadfully tired of having nothing to do."

"So am I. Let us have Karl in and ask him how we can manage it."

Without loss of time we went for Karl. He had been serving us in all sorts of capacities ever since he had relieved us from an unpleasant situation, by procuring a couple of mules from some distant place for our use on an emergency. This was about ten days previously, and though he was of no particular use to us, he was so urgent that we would not send him away while we remained in the country, that we had not the heart to dismiss him. When we asked him if we could not have some chamois shooting he brightened up in a most singular fashion. Generally he was subdued and rather cringing in his manner, but at our question he drew himself up, looked full in our faces, and seemed altogether another individual. From his answers we found that we might get permission to hunt, but that to do so would occupy more time than we had to spare, and so we gave him to understand; whereupon he timidly suggested that if we did not object to go without permission, he and a friend of his, one Ludwig Bachstein, would willingly accompany us.

As what he proposed was nothing less than a poaching expedition, we hesitated whether we ought to accept the offer of their services; but however easy it is to see the enormity of shooting a man's pheasants without his consent, or at all events of killing them without having first procured the authorization of the law, the case seemed widely different when it was a question of risking one's life and limbs in the pursuit of wild goats in Bavaria.

After some further discussion, in the course of which Karl assured us that it might be undertaken with perfect safety as far as the keepers were concerned, if we gave them a fee in the event of our meeting them, we agreed to make the excursion. We had only to go to the gunsmith's in the town to borrow a couple of capital rifles, and to Karl was left the task of providing everything else we required. We were met by Ludwig at a hut on the side of the mountain, where, at Karl's suggestion, we stopped to get a drink of milk. He was by no means so prepossessing in appearance as Karl; there was an air of recklessness about him which seemed to indicate greater familiarity with the pursuit of game in opposition to natural risks and gamekeepers.

The first day was spent in climbing without either of us getting a shot, and towards evening, when we were all so tired that we could scarcely put one foot before the other, Ludwig led us to a cavity hollowed out of the friable stone which formed the side of the mountain at this place. The material displaced in this operation was heaped up in front of the cavity, and thus served not only to make it a more comfortable place of shelter but also to screen the interior from the view of persons even at a short distance. Being heated and tired, we requested Karl to light a fire at once and make some tea; but before he did so and Ludwig set to work to dig up the ground beneath the spot whereon it had been lighted on some previous occasion. On our inquiring the reason of this he doing this, Karl told us Ludwig would explain it presently. At last the fire was lighted, the tea made, and our evening meal finished, and we were adding considerably to the smoke from the fire, which pervaded the hollow to an extent anything but agreeable, by that from our pipes, when I thought of the preliminary digging to which the hearth had been subjected.

My question on this matter was replied to by Ludwig:

"Between three and four years ago," said he, "there was a man, named Fuchs, who lived in a hut lower down. He had one cow and some goats, and was not badly off, but he had a great passion for hunting, and he used to gratify this at all risks, but by a lucky chance the keepers could never lay hold of him. He had himself been a keeper some years before and had been dismissed, it was supposed, through information given by another keeper, who had courted the girl Fuchs had married, that he was in the habit of shooting game for his own use. This keeper, who was better known as the Black Bear than by his real name, for some time after the dismissal of Fuchs kept out of the way of the latter, fearing, and not without good reason, that in the event of their meeting in the mountains it might fare ill with him; and though the law was on his side, he was too much of a coward to trust himself within gunshot of the man he had injured. Years even had passed, and both had travelled from the sunshine of life into the shade, and yet they had never once spoken to each other; on the contrary, the enmity of the Black Bear seemed a stronger as ever, for he was often heard to declare that if ever he caught Fuchs poaching on the mountains, he would shoot him with no more reluctance than he would a wild cat. It was perfectly well known to everybody round that Fuchs did not keep his rifle for target-shooting only, but though everybody knew this he continued to set the law at defiance with impunity, till the occurrence of an event which terminated his career as a poacher and farmer.

"One morning his wife came down, in great affliction,

to the village nearest his hut to ask for help to seek her husband, who had been away among the mountains four days, and to whom she feared some accident had happened. Her son had started in search of his father some hours before, and had not returned. Several men immediately left their work, and, staff in hand, began their journey through the woods and up and down the mountains in search of the missing man. They had divided themselves into parties of two each, and travelled in different directions. One of these parties found themselves, at sunrise the next morning, on the verge of a wood, into which they entered. The first rays of the sun penetrated between the trees here and there and lighted up a golden path till it was stopped by the trunk of a tree. To men in search of an object in the gloom of a forest, these glowing tracks were so many lures to attract the eye. Following one of them, it led to their perceiving the man they were seeking. He was sitting on the ground, his left side leaning against the trunk of a tree and his head hanging down, as though he were asleep. Beside him lay his rifle, and about him numerous birds were hopping, as if aware he was no longer capable of injuring them, or else attracted to the spot by the sight or smell of the body of the chamois which lay behind him. His neighbors spoke to him, but he made no answer, and on one of them raising his head he had but just strength enough to open his eyelids and faintly murmur the words—'Bear-shot,' and then he closed them again to open them no more. He had been shot through the body.

"The men shouted to attract the attention of their fellow-seekers, but instead of their calls being responded to by these, three foresters, among whom was the Black Bear, presented themselves. One of the men directly charged the last-named keeper with having caused the death of Fuchs, and he admitted it, but asserted that he had not fired till after Fuchs had fired at him. Of course the keeper was not punished. Fuchs was in the act of breaking the law, and not only that, but, according to the statement of the keeper, was the aggressor. This assertion neither the son nor the friends of Fuchs believed; and though his rifle had been fired, and the wadding was picked up close to his body, they asserted their belief that the Black Bear had himself fired it off after shooting its owner.

"Ernest Fuchs, the son, was at this time sixteen years of age. He was not much esteemed by his associates, being regarded as effeminate, a character he had acquired chiefly through his love of reading romances. After his father's death he left off reading and took to wandering about among the mountains, so that many thought the tragical end of his father had completed what romance-reading had begun, and that his brain was disturbed.

"Some eight or nine months after the event related above, a frightful rumor spread through the district in which widow Fuchs's cottage was situated, to the effect that five of the foresters had been hewn to pieces while sitting round their fire. The rumor slightly exaggerated the fact; instead of five, only three of the keepers, including the Black Bear, had been killed in the manner related. The way in which their murder was effected was soon known. Ernest Fuchs had previously told a companion that he would revenge his father's death, and how; but the latter had regarded it as being mere wild talk, resulting from ideas he had derived from the perusal of the works referred to. Ernest, on his being captured and interrogated, stated that he had employed himself during the whole of the period that had elapsed since his father's murder in following the keepers and watching where they lighted their fires, and, after they had gone, burying a quantity of gunpowder beneath the site of these, knowing that in the course of their rounds through the forests they would return and light their fire on the same spot, in consequence of its being a sheltered nook. The suspicion that Ernest was not in his right mind was confirmed by the doctor, and very soon afterwards he was seized by brain fever, which carried him off. Wherefore," concluded Ludwig, "and because we have heard it said that the foresters have resorted to the same plan of burying gunpowder in several of those places where poachers have been known to pass the night, we always dig up the ground beneath the cold hearth before we light another fire."

At the height to which we had climbed the morning sun lighted up the mist, so that we seemed to be moving midst a golden vapor, while below us it appeared still dark. But for Ludwig's perfect acquaintance with the locality, we should not have dared to move; as it was, we had to be extremely careful to save ourselves from falling down rough descents which, though not dangerous to life, would have caused considerable pain. I was close to Ludwig, and was thinking much more of my personal safety than of chamois, when he suddenly put his hand on my chest, and then pointed to the summit of the crag we were about to ascend. I could just discern the dim outline of a goat, standing with stiffened legs and head raised in a listening attitude. I was removing the handkerchief I had wrapped round the lock of my rifle, when my friend fired, and the animal's body came rolling down the side of the crag to the place where we were standing. It was picked up and hidden in a hollow beneath pieces of rock, which our guides heaped over it, and we continued our way in pursuit of others. The mist soon cleared away, and gave us a splendid view of the wild mountain scenery, which of itself would have repaid the labor we had undergone. Our glasses were soon in requisition, for the purpose of discovering what to us, just then, was of far more interest than the picturesque; and by dint of careful examination we discerned three chamois feeding in a little valley a considerable distance below us. Ludwig took my friend with him, to make the descent at some distance, while I and Karl were to descend from the spot whereon we were standing. The width of the valley was but trifling in comparison with its depth, and the snow was so steep and rugged, that before we had descended a hundred yards I felt disposed to throw a piece of rock into the valley, to disturb the animals and attract their attention to us, knowing they would, according to their usual practice, rush up the steep side of the mountain opposite, which I felt assured was within range of our rifles. Karl objected to this, as being an expedient which was not likely to be successful; as, though they would rush up the side, they would not be likely to climb it exactly opposite us, but would spring from point to point in a lateral direction, which would carry them beyond the effective range of a bullet. Soon the descent became so very difficult as to be absolutely dangerous, as the consequence of slipping and rolling down the side of these mountains is far more serious than a similar slip among the snow-covered Swiss mountains, a broken limb and innumerable bruises being the least misfortune which might be expected to result from such an occurrence. At last

I refused to go any lower, as on looking down I perceived that the descent was rapidly becoming almost vertical. Placing the point of my staff against a slight projection below me, and the butt against my chest, I sat up to take a fresh view of the chamois in the valley. Their heads were turned in the direction in which my friend and Ludwig had gone, and it occurred to me that if I alarmed the animals now, they would certainly rush within range of their guns, if I failed to kill. I loosened a fragment of rock from the side of the mountain, and threw it as far from me as I could; I then put my hat on the end of my rifle, and waved it. The chamois were at once alarmed, and began bounding upwards from point to point of the narrow projections, with limbs as rigid as though the mere concussion was sufficient to carry them upwards to any height they desired. Seeing they were taking a lateral direction, which would effectually prevent my getting a shot at them, I determined to fire, small as was the chance of hitting them. Hastily capping my rifle, I was in the act of raising it to my shoulder, when firing the end of the staff in my way, I knocked it aside with my left elbow, forgetting in my eagerness how much I depended on this to keep me from rolling down the precipice. The next instant I fell over on my face and hands, my fingers being so lacerated by being beaten between the sharp rock and the rifle that I was quite unable to use them for a moment, so that I lost the chance of stopping myself at the outset, and went rolling down the side of the mountain as helpless as a stone. I clutched at everything that came under my hands, but vainly, either owing to the friable nature of the rock, which gave way and rolled down after me, or my fingers were torn away by the weight of my body. A continual succession of acute pains, varied by a sensation as though I were filling through space, was terminated by a blow which rendered me insensible. When I recovered my senses I found myself wedged in a chasm, utterly unable to move, and too weak to call out. Battered, bleeding and suffering so acutely as I was, every second may have seemed an hour between the time of my recovering consciousness and hearing the voice of my friend Paulet calling to me from above, and beseeching me to make a sign, if I could not answer him. I was held with my left side downwards, and was able to move my right arm slightly. This motion, which showed him I was not dead, removed fears, and he called to me in a cheerful tone to keep up my spirits, as they would soon get me out. Directly afterwards I felt somebody was trying to raise me, but I was jammed between the sides of the chasm so tightly, that the force required to drag me out caused me such intense agony, that I became insensible again. Fortunately, while I was in this condition, they succeeded in raising me to the surface; and when I was again sensible, I was lying on my back in the valley. By arranging a portion of their clothing in the manner of a bier, they carried me to a hut without the motion adding very much to the pain caused by my wounds and bruises. I had to lie here for three weeks, swathed in bandages dipped in cold water, before I could move about with tolerable ease; so I think I have good reason to remember my first and last poaching excursion in the wilds of Bavaria.

SUPERSTITION ABOUT NEW-BORN CHILDREN.

It is unlucky to weigh them. If you do they will probably die, and, at any rate, will not thrive. I have caused great concern in the mind of a worthy old monthly nurse by insisting on weighing mine. They have, however, all done very well, with the exception of one, the weighing of whom was accidentally forgotten to be performed.

The nurses always protested against the weighing, though in a timorous sort of way; saying that no doubt it was all nonsense, but still it had better not be done.

It is not good for children to sleep upon bones—that is, upon the lap. There seems to be some sense in this notion; it is doubtless better for a child to be supported throughout the whole length, instead of hanging down its head or legs, as it might probably do if sleeping on the lap.

Hesiod, in his "Works and Days," forbids children of twelve months or twelve years old to be placed upon things not to be moved—which some have understood to mean sepulchres: if this is right, perhaps there is some connection between this injunction and that which condemns the sleeping upon bones, though the modern bones are those of the living, and not of the dead.

Cats suck the breath of infants, and so kill them. This extremely unphilosophical notion of cats preferring exhausted to pure air, is frequently a source of great annoyance to poor pussy, when having established herself close to a baby, in a snug warm cradle, she finds herself ignominiously hustled out, under suspicion of compassing the death of her new acquaintance, who is not yet big enough to pull her tail.

When children first leave their mother's room, they must go upstairs before they go downstairs, otherwise they will never rise in the world.

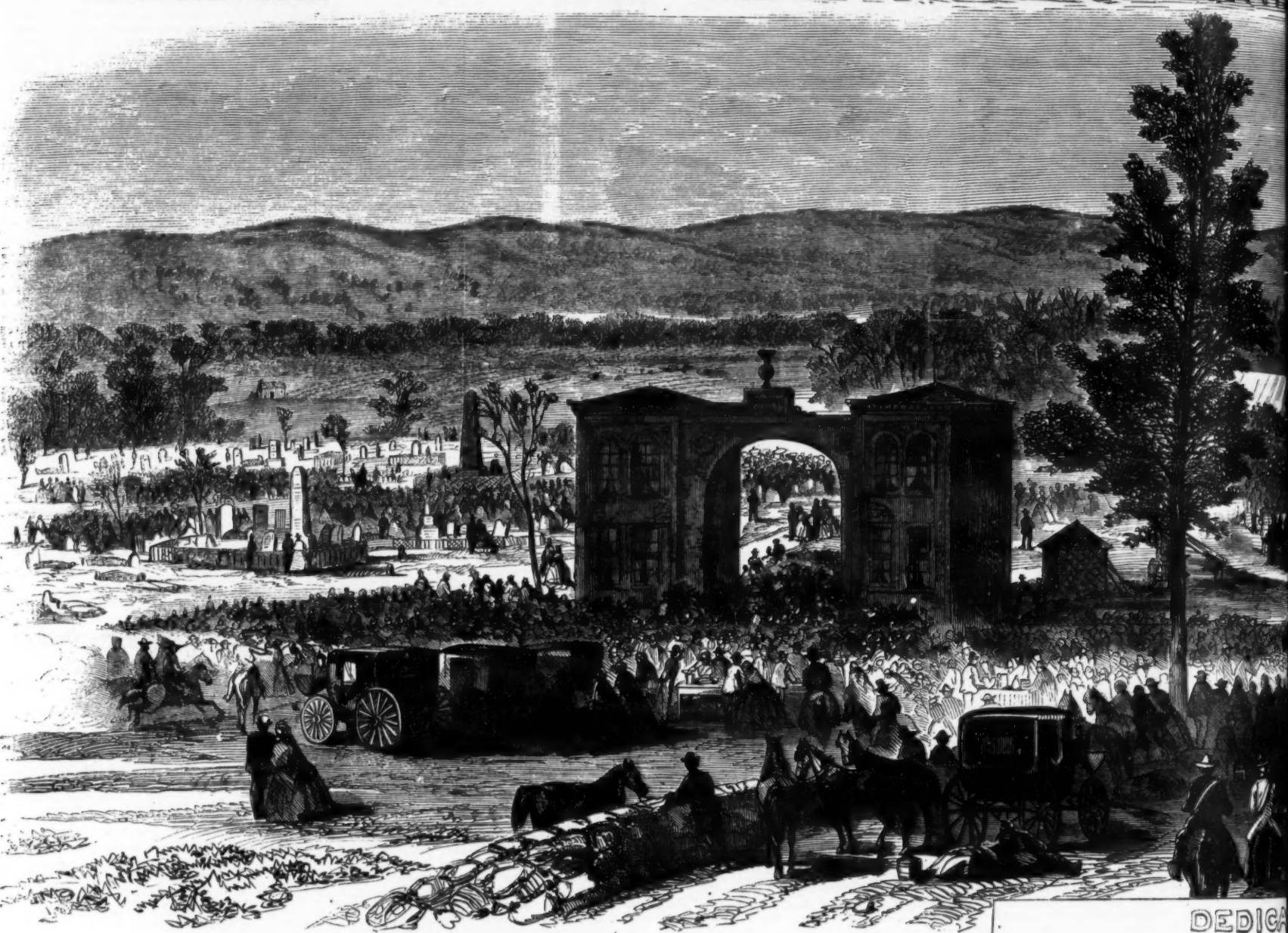
Of course it frequently happens that there is no "upstairs," that the mother's room is the highest in the house. In this case the difficulty is met by the nurse setting a chair, and stepping upon that with the child in her arms as she leaves the room. I have seen this done.

A mother must not go outside her own house door until she goes to be "churched." Of course, the principle of this is a good one. It is right, under such circumstances. The first use a woman should make of her restored strength should be to go to church, and thank God for her recovery; but in practice this principle sometimes degenerates into mere superstition.

If you rock an empty cradle you will rock a new baby into it. This is a superstition in *viridi observantia*, and it is quite curious to see the face of alarm with which a poor woman, with her tenth baby in her arms, will dash across the room to prevent the "baby-but-one" from engaging in such a dangerous amusement as rocking the empty cradle.

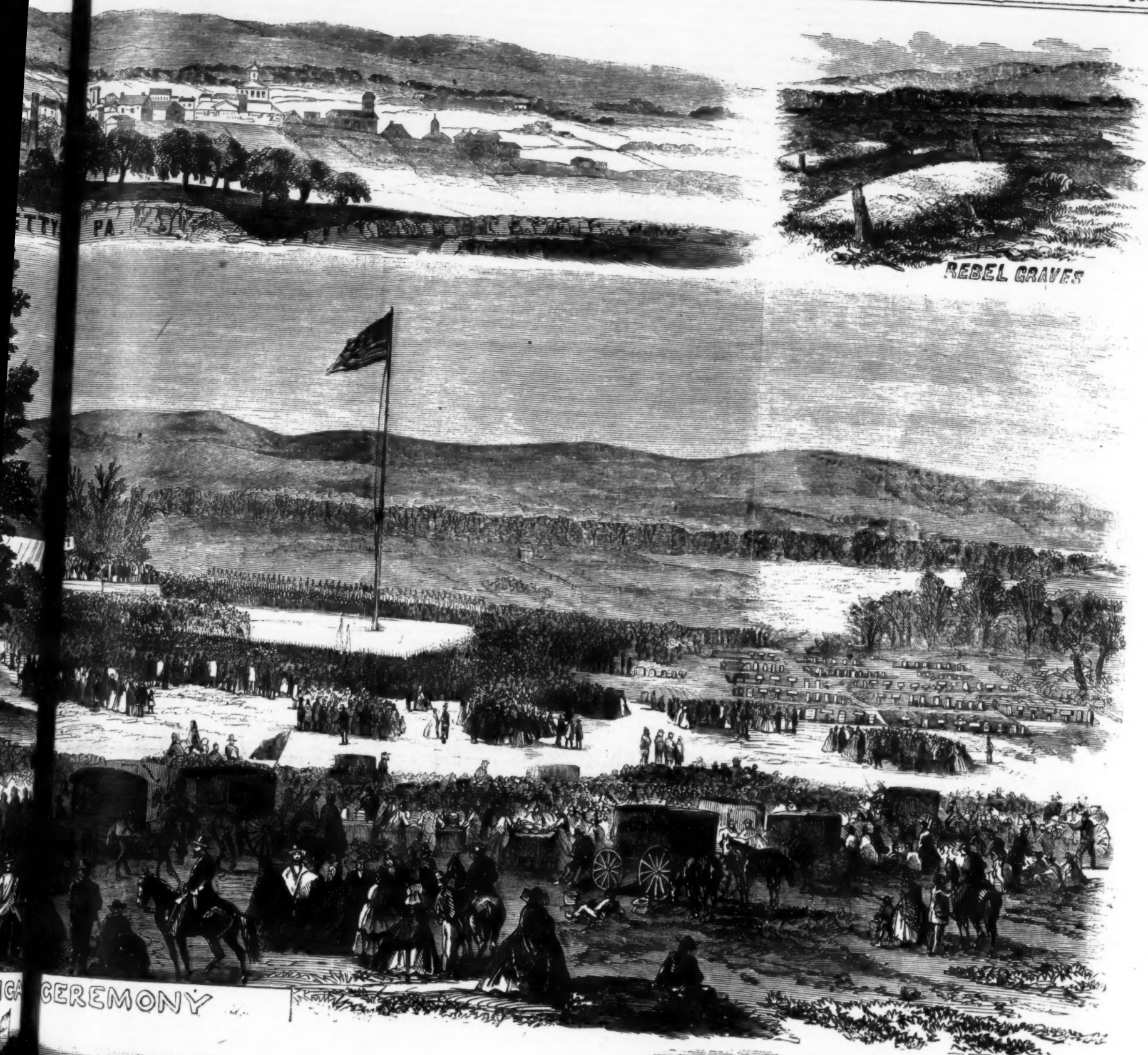
In connection with this subject, it may be mentioned that there is a widely-spread notion among the poorer classes, that rice, as an article of food, prevents the increase of the population. How the populousness of India and China are accounted for on this theory, I cannot say; probably those who entertain it never fully realize the existence of "foreign parts," but it is certain that there was not long ago a great outcry against the giving of rice to poor people under the Poor law, as it was said to be done with a purpose.

MORE NICE THAN SCIENTIFIC.—A gentleman much interested in botanical matters recently directed one of the clerks at his place of business to copy a list of names for him. On looking over what had been written, he was surprised to find the word "Large-nonia." On pointing out to the young man that an error had been made, he was informed in all sincerity that it was not really incorrect, but only an improvement on the original. The word was *Big-nonia*, but as big was rather a slang term, he had altered it to large, which meant the same thing, and was much more elegant!

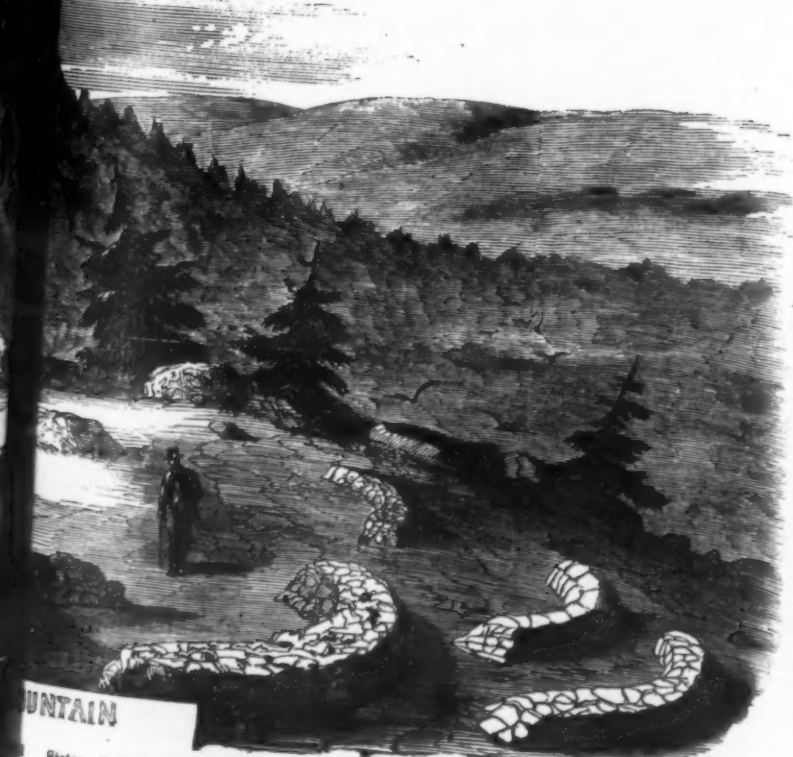


MEADE'S HEADQUARTERS.

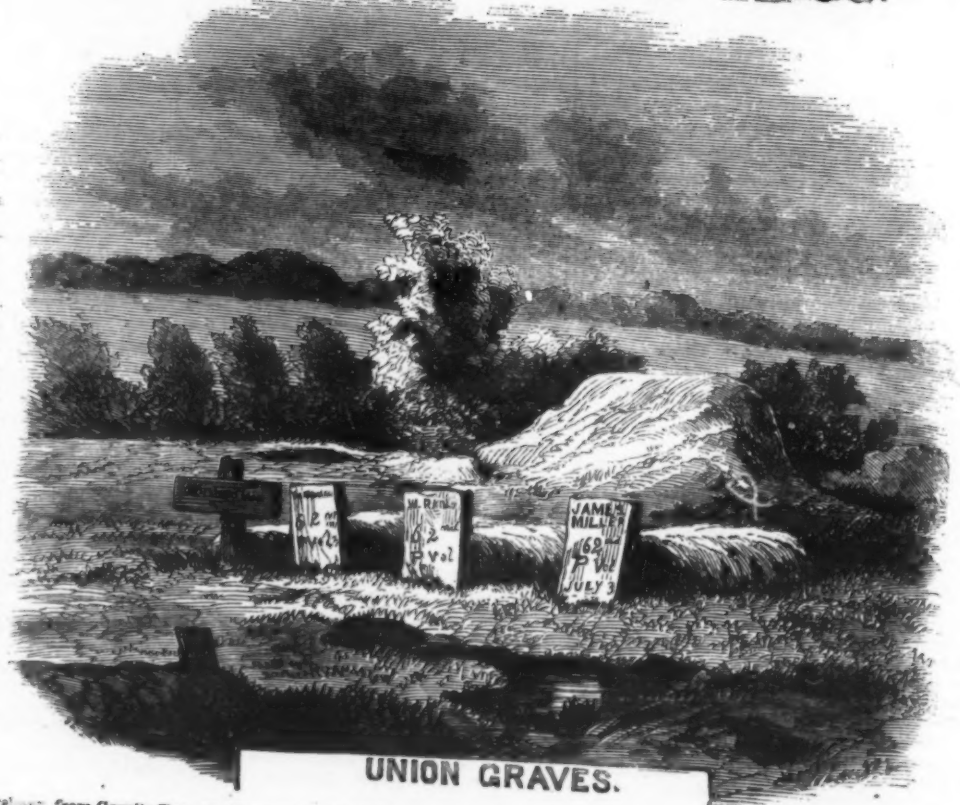
1. Rebel Graves. 2. View of Gettysburg from Cemetery Hill. 3. Graves of Union Soldiers. 4. The Dedication of the National Cemetery. THE CONSECRATION OF THE GREAT NATIONAL CEMETERY NEAR GETTYSBURG, THURSDAY, NOV.



GEREMONY



UNTAIN



UNION GRAVES.

States. 5. General Meade's Headquarters. 6. Round Top Mountain, the "Slaughter Pen" of Gettysburg, from Granite Top. 7. Graves of Union Soldiers, Gettysburg. LINCOLN, PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES, AND HIS CABINET.—FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, JOSEPH BECKER.

DIVIDED.

"Sing on! we sing in the glorious weather
Till one step over the tiny strand,
So narrow, in sooth, that still together
On either brink we go hand in hand.

"The beck grows wider, the hands must sever,
On either margin, our songs all done,
We move apart, while she singeth ever,
Taking the course of the stooping sun.

"He prays 'Come over'—I may not follow;
I cry 'Return'—but he cannot come:
We speak, we laugh, but with voices hollow;
Our hands are hanging, our hearts are numb.

"A little pain when the beck grows wider;
'Cross to me now—for her wavelets swell.'
'I may not cross'—and the voice beside her
Faintly reacheth, tho' heeded well.

"No backward path; ah! no returning;
No second crossing that ripple's flow:
'Come to me now, for the West is burning;
Come ere it darkens'—Ah, no! ah, no!

"Then cries of pain, and arms outreaching—
The beck grows wider and swift and deep:
Passionate words as of one beseeching—
The loud beck drowns them; we walk, we weep.

"A braver swell, a swifter sliding;
The river hasteth, her banks recede:
Wing-like sails on her bosom gliding
Bear down the lily and drown the reed.

"Stately prows are rising and bowing,
(Shouts of mariners winnow the air),
And level sands for banks endowing
The tiny green ribbon that showed so fair.

"While, O my heart! as white sails shiver,
And crowds are passing, and banks stretch wide,
How hard to follow, with lips that quiver,
That moving speck on the far-off side.

"Farther, farther—I see it—I know it—
My eyes brim over, it melts away;
Only my heart to my heart shall show it
As I walk desolate day by day.

"And yet I know past all doubting, truly—
A knowledge greater than grief can dim—
I know, as he loved, he will love me duly—
Yea better, e'en better than I love him.

"And as I walk by the vast calm river,
The awful river so dread to see,
I say, 'Thy breadth and thy depth for ever
Are bridged by his thoughts that cross to me.'"

PENDARVES GRANGE; OR, THE SCAPEGOAT.

CHAPTER VII.—BY HELPING OTHERS WE HELP OURSELVES.

It was with a merry step that Maude entered her little sitting-room. Her father had but just returned from his employment, and had taken up a book upon art, in which he seemed immersed. Although a young man, apparently a visitor, sat by his side, and who had found refuge, by way of self-defence, in another book, Maude no sooner entered the room than she ran to her father and kissed him—yes, kissed him! for although so matter-of-fact at times, it was but one side of her character, distinct from the other, which was all heart and emotion. Then, turning to her visitor, in whom she immediately recognised an old friend, she shook him by the hand most heartily, exclaiming: "James, indeed I am happy to see you here this evening."

"Would that I could think so, Miss Lisborne," replied the young man.

"For shame, James, to address me so formally! I beg you will not ape the manner of your superiors; remember, always, James, that people of our station disguise themselves when they affect that cold formality in intimacy; therefore," she continued, good-humoredly, "I beg you will not Miss me."

"Nay, then, Maude; I hope, indeed, I never shall."

"James, for shame! when you would be witty, play upon your own ideas, not the words of others. A good pun even is a miserable wit; but a trip upon words is, indeed, either the faculty of *facetia* in its last extremity, or a mere experiment to discover whether you possess the real thing itself."

"Common sense is better than wit, friend James," interrupted Mr. Lisborne.

"It is so, my dear sir," replied the young man, grateful for the interruption; "but few of us, I fear, can boast possession of so much as Maude."

"My dear girl," said Mr. Lisborne, laughing, "can you not see what my young friend is so long beating about the bush for? He has fallen in love with your common sense, and is making overtures for its possession. In a few words, then, he has obtained my permission to enrol himself more permanently in our family circle. Will you exchange my name for his? Now, Maude, as there is no coercion, remember your own favorite expression—a plain answer to a plain question."

"My dear sir," said the young man, suddenly abashed at the abrupt appeal of Mr. Lisborne, and turning to Maude, "My dear Maude, I really scarcely dared—but, may I hope?"

"Now really, gentlemen both, this is sudden, and I—"

"Come, Maude, a plain answer to a plain question, you know," said the father, laughing.

"You have mentioned my rule, my dear father—the present circumstances are my exception. Indeed, I have no intention, or in fact wish for marriage at present."

"Pooh! pooh! I shall leave you to discuss this little matter to yourself," said Mr. Lisborne, leaving the room as he spoke, and leaving behind him a couple whom he had rendered superlatively ridiculous.

Maude's face grew crimson, and the young man's tinted with white and red. But alone, he grew bold; as he approached Maude and took her hand, he asked a request for an answer.

"My father was abrupt and cruel, James; he knew what my answer must be."

"Must! why must, Maude?" passionately exclaimed the young man.

"I have reasons, my answer must be no."

This little no was a single knock upon his heart, and was found too weak to be admitted there among his hopes and aspirations. He would still hope, and he told her so; he gave way to rhapsody and despair—at least, the language that represents those emotions—to all of which Maude replied, putting her finger to her lips,

"Hush! James; we are greater friends than ever, and shall be greater friends still, if my little nimble-fingered Minnie hopes but truly."

"Minnie!" exclaimed the young man, "why, Maude, I vow—"

"Hush! no doubt," exclaimed Maude. "One would imagine that you fancied my refusal to your small request arose from jealousy. No, there is no jealousy without love, James; and I shall, indeed, be jealous if you do not love little Minnie."

"Farewell, Maude," said the young man, in a desponding tone.

"If for ever, fare-thee-well!" replied Maude, mimicking him. "Do be a little more romantic, or a little less so; fiction and water is the vilest compound upon earth."

"This is cruel, Maude," continued James.

"No, do not be so romantic, James. A week, and you will be convalescent; nay, more, glad and rejoicing. And now," added Maude, most tantalizingly, "if you had but said good-bye—plain English good-bye—you would have escaped this rather more painful than pleasant scene to both of us. Good-bye. Monday evening you will be here with my father and little Minnie, and she shall not know anything about this proposal of yours to her friend."

James Rothsay had been brought up in the same factory in which Mr. Lisborne was employed; in fact, he had been the chief means of getting the latter employment there. His mother, Mrs. Rothsay, was the patroness of Maude. Intelligent, persevering and studious, James had formed a warm friendship with Maude's father, who felt doubly bound to James by the ties of gratitude to his mother for her kindness to Maude, and also by his liking for his habits and kind heart. During the whole period of the Lisbornes' residence in the metropolis, a week had never passed without a good half of its evenings being spent with Maude and her father. And since Mrs. Rothsay had left London, the Lisbornes had shown him additional attention.

Now it had so happened that Maude, about a year before James proposed to her, had taken charge of a pretty little orphan girl, to whom she soon became as attached as to a sister, and it was with no little pride that she watched the development of Minnie's usefulness under her own direction; and though Maude was far from being a match-maker, she had often thought of the possibility of a union between her two favorites, James and Minnie; it became a wish, a hope, one that strengthened the more from noticing the attention James had paid to her for some time. James, ungrateful fellow! had been thinking of the teacher, while that teacher was thinking of him for her pupil; and he tried to love Minnie for the sake of Maude; he fancied that to love Minnie was to make an avenue, an entrenchment, upon which he could march to the affections of Maude. Alas! for poor Minnie! she did not imagine herself a proxy. Never daring to make his love known to Maude, he had broached it to her father, whose ready concurrence was obtained.

Mr. Lisborne had not the slightest notion Maude would give a refusal; on the contrary, believing his daughter to have been positively awaiting such a proposition from James. However pained Maude might have felt at such a result, she still hoped for the best; she knew that a first refusal is not attended with such destructive consequences as is popularly believed, and, moreover, she had firm faith in the power of Minnie, and had some little knowledge of the inflammable disposition of James, who often, in the presence of Maude and Minnie, comparing the two together, had thought: Well, there can be no question which would make the best wife; but the second best would be Minnie. As it was, he wisely took a day's holiday, the next worked a little harder, and, lastly, perfected a cure by attaching himself to Minnie.

CHAPTER VIII.—IN WHICH TWO PERSONS ARE RUINED—WHOSE FAULT IS IT?

It is a dreary evening in mid-winter; Pendarves Grange is set in a chaotic blackness; the cold wind murmurs as it rustles through the trees, which can only be seen as the light from the crevices in the shutters falls upon them. Mrs. Pendarves is sitting with her head resting upon her hand, intently listening to an attorney, who is perusing aloud some document. As each word leaves his lips, she stretches her vision till her eyes seem strained with the exertion, and she watches every muscle of his face as if her life depended upon the summing up and the conclusions to be delivered by him. The more earnestly he reads the more intently are her eyes fixed upon him. At last he lifts his eyes from the parchment, and Mrs. Pendarves quivers with anxiety. She would break the silence, but is restrained by fear, which seems to retain the question she would utter in her throat. Why does

not the visitor break the silence? Ay, why not, indeed! thinks Mrs. Pendarves; but he does not, and the lady herself gives rapid and nervous utterance to the question,

"Your opinion, what is it, Mr. Hastings, after this lengthened and attentive perusal? Have I one single chance? Tell me."

"We have a bad case, I believe, madam; although a circumstance as light as the turning of a straw may alter the present inauspicious aspect. The death of the last holder is most unfortunate, but more so his dying insolvent."

The lady's face grew marvellously pale at this reply, the trembling blood fled from her lips and passed through her veins like an electric shock. Some unnaturally strong emotion shook her frame, she struggled to calm herself, as, with half-choked utterance, she almost groaned rather than spoke:

"His will be done, my dear sir. This is indeed a blow that will cut in twain the only tie but one that binds my heart to this world. To effect this purchase I have saved, saved—aye, and you know not how I have saved, even to abject meanness—through my whole widowhood, for years and years, for the purpose of reinstating my poor boy in the position of his ancestors. I have piled and piled up gold, and at last, after all my care, I am plundered by a villain, and my whole heap is transmuted into agony, bitter agony. Oh, my poor, poor boy! Can pride be so unholy a thing that its possessor is left unprotected by her own guardian angel? Is that unholy pride which seeks to enrich the only thing it loves upon earth? Can it be likened, and the same punishment meted out to it, as that of the miserable passion of the mere worldling, who heaps up gold that he may bask in its glitter only? If it is a sin, then am I fearfully wicked, though I have sinned in error. No, no, I am bitterly but rightly punished. My poor, poor boy!"

And the last words grating upon her strongest feelings, the proud lady fell backwards in her chair.

"Stay, sir," said she, "call no one. It was but a momentary spasm of disappointment." And placing her hands to her throat, she continued: "I—I am reconciled; if the poor lamb finds the rough winds of heaven tempered to its bearing, surely, surely," and here her voice became thicker, "a woman—a lady—can bear the strongest gusts of at least pecuniary misfortune."

And she became calm; but it was a strange calmness, and so thought Mr. Hastings, who hastily, as if stricken with a sudden thought, left the room, ostensibly to speak to his clerk, but really to forbid the approach of a stranger whom he heard in the hall inquiring of the servants for their mistress.

He had not time, for the stranger rushed rather than walked into the room. They met *vis-à-vis*.

"You here, Mr. Smith?" said Hastings.

"Why not, as well as yourself, Mr. Hastings?" replied the new comer, starting as if stung by an adder, but his face mantling with crimson and averting it from Mrs. Pendarves, who had no sooner caught sight of him than she coolly moved the papers from the table and looked them in a dispatch-box.

"Oh, simply because I understood that you were rusticated at Boulogne, Mr. Smith," replied the other, with a sneer.

"Mr. Smith!" echoed the lady, gazing at the stranger. "Mr. Smith"—and as the latter laid his finger upon his lips expressively—she continued, "you gentlemen seem to have met before." And turning to the stranger, she said, "Mr. Smith, I crave your indulgence for a few minutes while I finish some business with this gentleman."

Mr. Smith left the room.

It was not long before Mr. Hastings took his leave, and the stranger entered the room.

"Mother, dearest mother!"

"Hugo, my darling son!" are the words exchanged, and they are in each other's arms.

And it was only in the meeting with her son, after a long estrangement, that Mrs. Pendarves felt emotion not to be vulgarly of feeling. The struggles she had passed through during her interview with the attorney, Hastings, had been but a passing spasm of the passions, and then but because it had probed too deeply her affection. The meeting, the surprise, had been mutual. Mrs. Pendarves's transaction with the attorney was as enigmatical to Hugo as was his assumed name of Smith. There is a sympathy in secrets as in other things. The surprise at seeing her son, when least expected and least wanted, had not been sufficiently strong to overbalance her habitual presence of mind, hence the reason of her placing the papers under cover at the first glance of her son. Her ready, intuitive wit told her that the real name of her son was not known to Mr. Hastings, and Hugo's confusion of manner at meeting that personage showed her there was some strong reason for his remaining in ignorance of it, as clearly as the sign of non-recognition which he had made.

The recognition over, for the first time in their lives two hearts that had almost beat in unison, stood in astonishment at each other, as if each were conscious of covert duplicity, each longing to ask, while each dreaded being asked, the meaning of this mutual want of comprehension. A tear stood in the mother's eye as she gazed upon her son's haggard and careworn features, and it was this tear that fetched words from the heart of Hugo:

"Mother, dear mother," said he, "why those full eyes?"

Turning to avert her face from her son, her features caught an unnatural shade from the reflection of the lamp, and which Hugo observing, he started, and in terrified accents exclaimed:

"My God! Mother, why those bloodless cheeks? You are not well; some strange excitement is killing you, and before my very face. And now, now—" he said, vehemently, clutching her hand.

"Hugo, Hugo! be quiet, child. It is not I that am excited, it is you, and in such a state can scarce

bear what I have to tell you. Be calm, Hugo," said she, gently disentangling her hand from his. "Listen—you are ruined, Hugo!"

"I know it—I know; indeed I do, and but too bitterly. Wretch that I am!" replied Hugo.

"You know it, Hugo?" said Mrs. Pendarves, emphasising the pronoun. "How, my dear boy? Surely you are wandering. Be tranquil—be tranquil, Hugo, we must bear our misfortunes."

"There must be some horrible mistake," said Hugo, emphatically. "Oh, did you know all, you would not deem me wandering—not at least now. But what mean you, mother? You cannot know anything, unless, indeed, that fellow who but now left the room has disclosed all. But it is impossible; he knew not even my name."

"You are right in your conjectures, Hugo. Mr. Hastings has indeed made a fearful disclosure," and gazing intently on the features of her son, her firmness gave way to uncontrollable tears.

"The wretch, the cruel wretch! But, mother, I thought to have brought you the first intelligence, and so to have softened, at least in your eyes, my disgrace."

"Hugo, for heaven's sake, what means this? You disgraced! Bring me the first intelligence!" said Mrs. Pendarves, startled in her turn. "But," she continued, resuming her natural calmness, "you are taking this loss too much to heart, we have still half our fortune left."

"Oh, would that it were so, dear, dear mother!"

"It is so, my dear boy. But since I find you so well acquainted with this Mr. Hastings, I must, in my turn, charge him with having betrayed my secret to you; and yet it can scarcely be so, if he knew you not as Hugo Pendarves. Tell me, Hugo, how could you know of this?"

"Mother," said Hugo, his eyes glaring in her face, "is this meant as kindly softening down my disgrace, or is it that you—that I—that both of us—are mad? Am I in a dream? Am I not ruined—totally beggared, except what your charity may give me? Am I not hunted by bailiffs—and worse? Is this a dream?"

"Hugo, is this true which you are now telling me?" said Mrs. Pendarves, hastily interrupting her son.

"Tell me—tell me!"

"It is true, indeed," replied Hugo, passionately.

"Then, indeed, we are doubly and irretrievably ruined. Great heavens, this is too much!" and she sank exhausted in a chair, physically and mentally overpowered.

"Mother, dear mother, forgive me. But what mean you—both ruined? No, no, not so bad as that, either," said Hugo, with an hysterical laugh. "Thank heaven, I had only power to ruin myself."

The laugh recalled Mrs. Pendarves to herself. So strongly were her affections interwoven in her son, she could not feel a pang while witnessing those suffered by him.

"Nay, Hugo, it is terrible; but we must e'en try our best yet. We are indeed both ruined, although from different causes. Listen, Hugo, and tell me whether my sufferings are not equal to your own. For years and years past, for you, but without your knowledge, I have lived retired and scarcely to the extent my position required, for the purpose of saving. I have saved and saved for the purpose of gratifying the grand passion of my soul, viz., that of being the means of refunding our family. An estate not many miles from here was for sale; I became the purchaser. Three months after my purchase the villain of whom I bought it absconded—no one can tell where. Upon the death of the first proprietor, he had assumed, and had held for many years, possession of the property as heir-at-law, believing the proprietor's son to be dead. The latter has appeared, and I have no title."

"It is probable that he may be found," said Hugo.

"Impossible, I fear," replied Mrs. Pendarves, "and if so, the money he had from me is squandered."

"Then, this place—this alone—is all that is left us," said Hugo, despondingly.

"Not so, my dear; even this place I have heavily mortgaged to raise money to complete the purchase."

"This house mortgaged! Mortgaged, did you say, dear mother?" replied Hugo, at this announcement, fixing his glassy eyes upon Mrs. Pendarves. "Mother, mother, glass-engraving is more fit for a gentleman; or he starves—starves, and must, to live, become either a beggar or a felon."

"Hugo, Hugo! my child, my boy, reproach me not; look not like that, dear Hugo! Indeed, indeed, I thought but of you alone," and the statue-like figure throbs with human emotions, the pulse beats quickly, the blood gushes across her face, and plays about her arms, and large tears roll down her beautiful face. The haughty woman pleads to the son whom she has ruled, and yet the ruling and the pleading were both gushings from the fountain of maternal love.

Hugo became calmed at this sight, but for a moment only; it was too much, and clasping his hands to the sides of his head, and running his fingers through his hair, he ejaculated, "Mother, mother! oh, God! this is too much. You who have so loved, to say this; and I, who have robbed, reproach you in the midst of misfortunes—a beggar—half my doing—all, all through me. Oh, God! this is more than I can bear!" and he fell upon a sofa sobbing with agony.

Both mother and son, starting from two different points, had met together, as it were, in the midst of ruin. Hew Mrs. Pendarves met with her misfortunes, she has herself related. The day after the above meeting, Hugo related the cause of his own ruin. To recapitulate it verbatim would be useless! Alas! it is an old-told tale—a good resolution formed, constitutionally broken, *enmi* followed, the recipe was sought in excitement; in the world of excitement are to be found sharpers, swindlers, bill discounters and all the other materials of ruin. The more Hugo became involved, the more he feared its reaching his mother's ears

and the more he became afraid of the latter, the more he became involved—and the reader may easily imagine the rest. As for the attorney, Hastings, he was no other than the very attorney who had taken out writs against him, and to whom he was known only under the name of Smith.

Since the return of Hugo to his mother's house months have elapsed. Under the advice of her attorney, Mrs. Pendarves's case was brought to trial; she is an injured woman; and that her case is as clear as the bright, blue sky, all admit. She and her son have but one idea—that of gaining the trial. The appointed day comes on; the case is tried; and pure justice throws its mantle over the lady. She is successful, but for that very success the deeper involved in ruin; the adverse party, the fraudulent seller, has decamped, and Mrs. Pendarves is mulcted in the whole expenses. This trial was the point upon which the emotions and passions of both mother and son were for months balanced; it is over, and the cord tightens around the mother's heart—she and her son are engulfed in penury. A new terror approaches: Hugo is arrested and cast into prison; his name figures in the insolvent court; the day of his hearing approaches, and for the second time Mrs. Pendarves appears in a court of law, but not this time as a victim to be sympathized with, but as the mother of a fraudulent debtor—for from the mass of facts in which Hugo's affairs had become plunged—and although the commissioner, in a long address, admits Hugo's conduct to have arisen more from weakness of disposition than fraudulent intentions—yet so clearly has the opposing creditor's counsel placed the vast injury done to his client by its effects, that the judge can but award the lightest punishment which the law has meted out for the offence—two years' imprisonment. During the delivery of this judgment, a cord has been tugging to its utmost tension. Hugo's free escape would not have removed the disgrace, or slackened it; but the sentence—the terrible terminus of a life of hopes and fears—is too much, and the cord bursts; it has snapped; a bloodvessel has burst; small, livid spots of blood burst from between the lips of Mrs. Pendarves, she falls—not faints—from the emotion. A lady is taken ill in court, she is removed, and the same hour in which this dying mother is taken to her town lodgings witnesses also the removal of her son to the King's Bench. One Pendarves has been removed towards the tomb of the dead, while another has been removed to the tomb of the living. The pall of eternity has fallen over one, the pall of time has fallen over the other.

CHAPTER IX.—OUT OF THE FRYINGPAN INTO THE FIRE.

AFTER two years' incarceration, Hugo sits at the window of his little cell-like room in the "Bench," somewhat paler, but with less angularity in his figure. The two years have not done harm to the external, then let us hope that it may have benefited the internal man. The little room being upon the poor side of the prison, is not overloaded with furniture; but *malgré* its poverty-stricken appearance, it is an index of the tenant's mind; it is a combination of the practical, useful, ornamental and learned; there are flowers in the window which must have been tended with great care to have reached their apparent perfection. The walls are those of primitive civilization—quite free from paper or paint, but white and wholesome. Two handsome portraits of the parents of the tenant seem to be looking—so life-like, and yet so painfully—down upon their son from the walls, that one could fancy them gifted with the power of seeing, hearing, watching, wishing, hoping—nay, everything but speech and motion. Hugo would gaze upon them for hours, till a supernatural sensation came over him, and he would fancy a silent communication between his spirit and these representatives of the dead. Opposite these portraits were several stern realities, in the shape of culinary utensils, but yet hung against the wall, over the fireplace, with care and taste; two years' confinement teaches care and taste even in the hanging of pots, kettles and pans. A deal table and two chairs, with a small bed in one corner, formed the whole of the cabinetmaker's art in the room. A small deal shelf was affixed just over the bed, upon which were a quantity of books, and upon the bed a small and handsome black cat. Hugo is sitting at the window writing; a heap of manuscript is before him. He is a man of feeling; he has worked hard and laboriously to transfer these feelings, and the experiences which had wrought them to paper. He has no friend in the world; but once more there, he will make a sensation; he will become an author, he long—he hopes to enrol himself one of the band of civilizers. Others have done so, why not he? He has talents, he has industry, he thinks he has gained fixity of purpose; he is a scholar—a classical scholar; he has all these; the path is paved. Then authorship shall carve him a name. Wait a little, Hugo, these thoughts have passed through many a brain ere they reached yours, and fruitlessly so too. The time is now approaching for his discharge, and he is to return to the world minus his world (his mother), minus his walking-staff (money), minus everything; he ponders, doubts grow over his mind, and he sinks back despondingly in his chair. He shades his brow with his hand, and is lost in thought. Puss jumps upon the table, and most pertinaciously endeavors to remove his hands from before his face. How small an occurrence will divert the whole current of our thoughts, even at the bitterest moment? Hugo caresses the purring animal, and begins to think of his book. It is finished; he has that moment put the last touch, and hurrah! he has credentials for fame and money—something at least, he thinks, as he sobers down, to commence the world with. After two years' teaching by solitude and reflection, this is the conclusion as to a mode of life Hugo has arrived at. Doubtless it is the best of his resolutions as yet, but we shall see. The hour has arrived, and Hugo leaves the prison. Out

and in the busy, stirring streets, and among the throng of busy bodies, a strange revulsion takes place in his feelings, and he sniffs the air with intense delight; and now he thinks of the foolish arguments of those who talk of habit being second nature.

Hugo had not been so long a prisoner without forming some kind of acquaintance in the prison. It was from one of these he obtained the address of a lodging-house keeper, of whom he obtained one small attic. A diamond brooch belonging to his mother was his only available property, and this he converted into money. As he walked in wonderment, and almost fear, as well as delight, through the streets, he felt as one would imagine a bird to feel, who, once having been free, has regained his freedom after a long period spent in duration. Hugo's future prospects (his manuscripts) were in his bag, and with them he found refuge from his troubles in his new lodging. From this time we have a month's events to relate.

The day after his discharge, Hugo went the round of the publishers; some he saw, who gave him no hopes; others he did not see, and upon them he relied—hoped a fortnight, and might have continued so to do for twelve months, had not chance led him late one night to a coffee-house. In the next box sat a man, writing as if the fate of an empire depended upon the immediate dispatch of his lucubrations. Hugo watched him with curious interest, as slip after slip of paper left his pen. At last the writer arose, and, informing the attendant he should soon return, left the room. We need not say that Hugo anxiously awaited for his return; and, getting into conversation, Hugo found him (as he thought) strangely intelligent for a coffee-house frequenter. They became confidential, and Hugo mentioned his MS. He did not, however, notice the slight curl upon the stranger's lip, as he said, "Your wishing to get your living by authorship, without the apprenticeship necessary for all crafts, is a very common error, my dear sir; and to quote the words which I have myself just penned in the notice of a new book by an aspirant for the literary mantle, 'It is strange that while every craft, noble and ignoble, every profession, whether liberal or otherwise, is considered (and rightly so) an impossible acquirement without a studious apprenticeship, that literature, the noblest of them all, and which, in reality, requires as much, if not more careful training, should be deemed by every novice in the art of getting a livelihood the surest and best way of obtaining one.' However," he continued, "I will look at your manuscript." The writer kept his word, and the next evening saw him at Hugo's lodgings. He had examined Hugo's plan for fame, and found it wanting in every requisite for success, but chiefly in mere mechanical power. And Hugo's hopes were crushed in that direction. It was the old story—educated for nothing, he could accomplish nothing, was fit for nothing. He felt in his heart that his new friend was deceiving him, and could have crushed him as easily as his hopes of two years' growth had been crushed. However, as he could not do this, he visited a tavern with his friend, and returned home, far into the next morning, with downcast heart and fevered brain. That night closed his first fortnight of freedom; he felt that it had brought him a fortnight nearer ruin and starvation.

The next day Hugo visited the coffee-house again, and became lost in a mass of advertisements in the *Times*. Surely, he thought, among such an immense array of wants some employment is to be found—at any rate there are many ready to give it, and so, he applies for the secretaryship of a public company, which is advertised, but which situation, had Hugo known a little more of the world, he would have been aware, had been virtually, though not perhaps actually, filled up before the *pro forma* advertisement had been penned. Upon another occasion he makes application for a situation to go abroad as a travelling companion to a gentleman—but his dreamy aspect and want of references (perhaps also his want of good clothes) frightened the advertiser. Then what was he to do? Starve, is whispered in his ear by his fears. On another day he visits the coffee-house, and becomes acquainted with an intelligent young man whom he had often before met; this young man talked of his trade, his prospects and industrial successes. He was one of the class Hugo had been taught to despise, and yet instinctively shunned; but his talk of success is madness to Hugo. He has another on trial—and this time—Oh! shade of Mrs. Pendarves—it is for an engagement as shopman; for to that, at last, he felt obliged to condescend. But whether the advertiser did not comprehend the condescension, or for what reason we know not, he certainly laughed at Hugo for applying for such a situation without experience or knowledge of the trade. As this had been his last hope, and he thought it so lowly that he would, to use the vulgar phrase, have been jumped at, so had his feelings been wrought up to a high state of excitement; the refusal had cast him down, and he left the shop to crawl deep—very deep in the slough of despond. The poor fellow went along the streets, elbowing his way through crowd upon crowd of apparently employed people, all of whom thought it about as likely that the arch fiend himself stood by their side, as one who could be in want of bread. An old gentleman, with a kind expression of face, passed him, with two fair boys, who were laughing happily. "Oh! grandpapa," said one of the children, pulling him on one side, "look, look at that man; look at his eyes!" It was Hugo, staring with a hungry expression upon them.

The old gentleman, observing Hugo, turned to the questioning child: "A! it is only some poor man."

"Poor man," thought Hugo—"this to me! Oh, God!" and he gnashed his teeth with vehemence. Home—and he sits with his eyes bloodshot, and head lya between his hands. His brain grows

dizzy as he thinks of his position—alone, solitary and moneyless. He—the born-child of luxury—of fortune—to be a beggar, to be engulfed in that most loathed thing of a rich city—poverty—that slime, poverty, with which the serpent, crime, covers its human victims ere it swallows them in its rapacious jaws. He would work, but they would not let him. No slave in the Siberian mines would do so much work for so little money—ay, even for food, that small portion which is the cement of life. You must starve or beg, was whispered in his ears; and to his mind's eye, his own shadow lay pictured, stretched before him—gaunt and haggard, as he could imagine the pangs of starvation—and your imagination is poor, Hugo, your fancy cannot paint the fearful reality. After all there is something gentlemanly in your portrayal; but it is—it is more fearful than you can fancy; ay, and the process is going on, perhaps in the very next house, but more quietly, the patient being more used to it than you—a gentleman born, Hugo; but as he sits in that chair, the fancy grows more powerful, an oppressive heat seizes his brain, the side walls of his skull seem to be collapsing. Hush! listen, Hugo, there are some voices in the next room; shrink, hide thyself within thyself; let them not see thy misery. The voices ring merrily; but to him it is a laugh of satanic peal, triumphing over the Scapegoat. Hugo listens, and the voices ring louder, but at intervals they converse; their day's labor has ended, and they are now joyously preparing for a walk—a merry walk, free from care, and in the fresh air. Hugo listens again, and he hears them talk of calling as they pass, to place some money in the Savings' Bank. Save—saving—the words echo in horror through his brain. Oh, to feel himself reduced to their level; beneath—far beneath them; as low—as deep down in the social thermometer as starving-point. He can bear it no longer; and he throws himself upon the floor and weeps—sobs like an infant; the flood of tears, hot and burning though they are, relieve his fevered brain, and gave him calmness. A book is near him—it is an odd volume of a French novel—he attempts to read: something arrests his attention, and he reads on: a last, a bitter smile—the more bitter from the firm compression of his lips—plays across his countenance; he rises; leaves the room.

(To be concluded in our next.)

TO MY LITTLE BROTHER.

BY ADA VROOMAN.

A LITTLE saucy Ariel, dainty sprite
This pretty urchin seems—his laughing eyes,
And dimpled chin, and velvet shoulders white,
His lovely face so full of arch surprise—
His waving rings of sunny silken hair
That fall like shadows o'er his eyes of light,
And flutter softly down his temples fair,
Of Cupid, mind me—little wicked wight.

Oh, come thou here! I say with smiles, and I
Will bind those roving eyes, and thou shalt be
Another Love—to try thine archery
On maids and dames, and gallants passing by,
And when thou seest all the wounds and pines
Thy darts have made, thy gentle sympathy
Shall heal their bitter woes, and ne'er again
Thy broken arrows shall work misery.

THE GETTYSBURG CELEBRATION.

THE great battlefield of Pennsylvania was dedicated with appropriate and impressive ceremonies, as the cemetery of the Union, on the 10th of November. Thousands from all parts assembled at the invitation of the Governors of Pennsylvania and 18 other loyal States, to pay the last tribute of respect to the brave men who, in the hard-fought battles of the 1st, 2d and 3d July, laid down their lives for their country, on these hillsides and the plains of Gettysburg.

The day was lovely; the sky unclouded, and all around seemed to harmonize in quiet beauty with the solemn occasion. At 10 the procession moved to the cemetery, where a stand had been erected on the highest point, not far from that entrance so familiar to our readers, by our illustrations of the terrible engagement. On the stand soon appeared the President, Hon. Edward Everett, the orator of the day; the Governors of New York, Pennsylvania, Maryland, New Jersey, Ohio, with several distinguished Generals and officers.

The ceremonies began with a prayer by the Rev. Dr. Stockton, Chaplain of the House of Representatives. The Hon. Edward Everett then delivered his address, one of those classic, eloquent orations which have no equal in this country. Recalling the heroes of the past, he exhorted the brave men of the present, and called them to the aid of the great battle, and what a victory effected. After glancing at the early history of the war, he gave an elaborate and highly-wrought account of the battle.

At the close President Lincoln addressed the assembly: "Fifty-seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing the question whether this nation or any nation so conceived, so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on the great battlefield of this war. We are met to dedicate it, on a portion of the field set apart as the final resting-place of those who gave their lives for the nation's life; but the nation must live, and it is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this."

"In a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground in reality. The number of men, living and dead, who struggled here have consecrated it far above our poor attempts to add to its consecration. The world will little know and nothing remember of what we do here, but we cannot forget what these brave men did here. We owe this offering to our dead. We imbibe increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; we here dedicate that the nation shall, under God, have a new birth of freedom, and that the Government of the people, for the people, and for all people, shall not perish from the earth."

Of this interesting ceremony we present several sketches, that the whole country may in spirit be present at it. The large sketch in the centre shows the ceremony itself, the platform to the right of the entrance of the old cemetery, and on the left of it the

semicircular rows of graves, the outer line containing the States which lost the greatest number, New York having 300 feet on the right of the dividing walk, Pennsylvania 300 on the left, Massachusetts has 80, Ohio 50, Indiana 20, Michigan 43, Maine 30. The other States occupy a smaller interior semicircle, and on each side 150 feet are assigned to the unknown. The removal of the bodies has not yet been completed, nor the monument adopted. At the head of each grave will be a stone wall, capped with marble, giving the name, company and regiment of the hero. Walks will be laid out, and carriage-ways on the outside and between the two semicircles.

Another view represents Gettysburg as seen from Cemetery Hill, and in the minor sketches are graves of the Union and rebel dead as they were interred on the field where they fell. There is also a view of Round Top Mountain, where so many perished that it has been called the Slaughter Pen of Gettysburg. We have given already views of portions of this field, but this shows the mountain as seen from Granite Top in all its wild rugged grandeur, with the stone-works thrown up by our men at the foot.

The headquarters of Gen. Meade are back of the cemetery, and nearly in the rear of the platform seen in the central sketch.

A JAPANESE LEGEND.

A JAPANESE legend is a curiosity, being like nothing else in the world. A recent writer gives this very singular specimen:

"A good spirit once inhabited the body of a favorite dog, which belonged to an aged couple, who had no children. One day the dog took the old man into a wood and showed him where a treasure was concealed. This coming to the ears of a vicious neighbor, he borrows the dog of his goodnatured master; but, though he is shown where to dig, he finds nothing but stones, and he kills the dog in his rage. Grieved by this cruel act and the loss of his canine friend, the old man demands where he was buried, and cutting down the tree by which the body lay, he fashions a temple to his memory, and out of the trunk a mortar to beat his rice. No sooner does he employ this than gold also comes. The evil neighbor again comes to borrow, again fails in getting gold by the same process, and in his rage burns the mortar. The owner only humbly begs the ashes, and in a dream his dog appears and tells him to go with the ashes to a certain spot, and when a Daimio passes not to kneel; but, if summoned, to say that he is a magician, with power to bring flowers on dead trees or out of their season. Accordingly, taking his post, when the procession passes, and the terrible word is echoed along the road, *Shitanirio*! (kneel down!) he finds courage to keep his feet. The Daimio's attendants, hearing the reason, determine to report it to their lord instead of inflicting summary punishment. The Daimio demands the proof of his power. Whereupon, throwing some of the ashes upon the tree over his head, it suddenly bursts into bloom. This is the moment chosen by the artist, and the delight and amazement of the old man is admirably rendered. The end of the story soon comes. He is taken to the Daimio's house, who retains him and gives him presents. The vicious neighbor, still pursuing, asks for some ashes; with inexhaustible goodnature this is also granted, and now comes his punishment. Waiting the arrival of a Daimio's cortege, he makes the usual suppliant's rigid, and on being approached declares his power; but, on throwing the ashes, instead of covering the branch and producing flowers, they fly into the Daimio's eyes, who instantly draws his sword and hews the culprit down, while his attendants finish the work by cutting off his head, and so the evil-minded gets his deserts—in a way perfectly characteristic of the country and its rulers."

CRAFTY OLD CARP.

VISITORS to Fontainebleau will doubtless remember the lake adjoining the palace and its large carp population, numbering many of the most and at of that family in Europe. To those who have never been at Fontainebleau, we may state that the lake swarms with these fish, of all ages and sizes, and that it is the custom of visitors to feed them with bread; but as the ordinary bread would disappear in a moment among the hungry shoal, a plan has been devised to give the visitors more amusement by using bal's of bread, about the size of a man's fist, baked to a biscuit-like hardness.

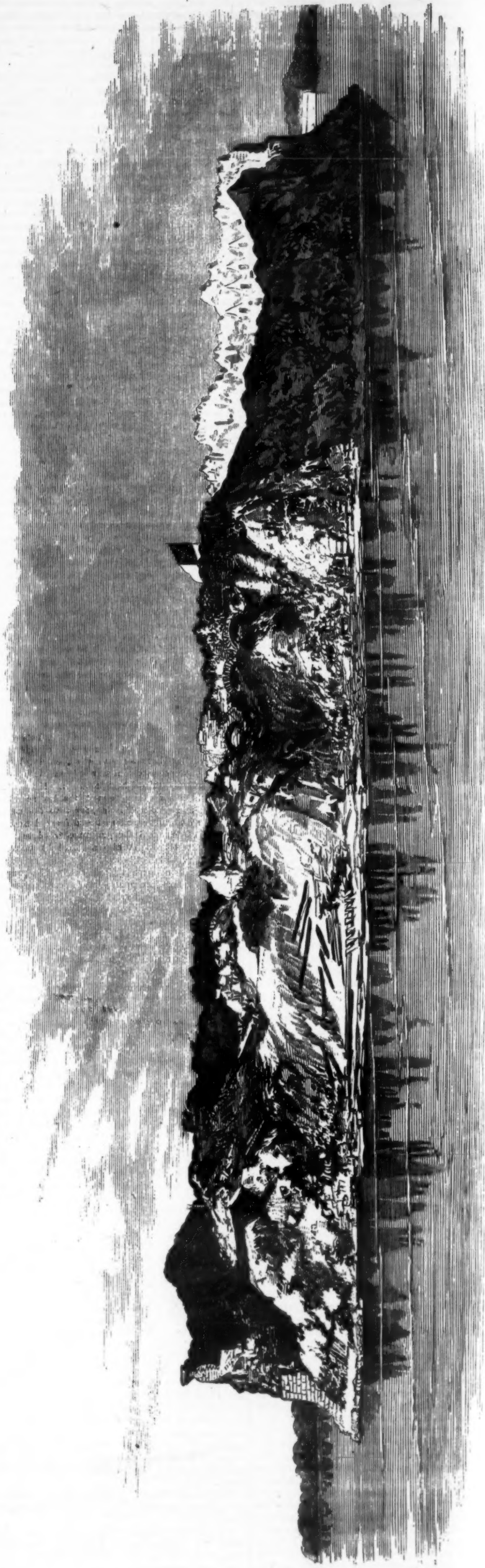
On casting one of these balls into the lake it is immediately surrounded by scores of carp, hungry youngsters for the most part, which being, apparently, aware that they cannot possibly devour the food in its hard and unbroken condition, proceed, with wonderful unanimity, to push it with their snouts to the nearest part of the stone wall crouching the lake. Against this they continue butting it violently, until at length the repeated blows and the softening effect of water cause the ball to break, when, just at the moment that it is in a fit state to be eaten, some half-dozen enormous carp, white with age, which have been watching the proceedings with evident interest, shoulder away the young workers, who retire with great precipitation, while the tyrants of the lake gobble or rather suck in the pabulum which has cost the small carp so much trouble to render it so for their eating. It is the old story of might against right, and as we have often witnessed what we have described, we have no doubt that old carp are as wily as ancient foxes.

DIVORCE AND REVENGE AMONG BIRDS.—The *Standard* (England) *Gazette* has the following curious story of animal life: "In the interior of the Tyne Dock wagon shops the attention of the workmen was attracted a week ago, attracted to the movements of two sparrows engaged in constructing a nest in a hollow where two gulls met for the support of the iron roof. For several days they labored most assiduously in preparing their abode, when, by some sudden freak, the progress of the clay fabric was suspended. A few mornings afterwards the ears of the workmen were saluted by loud chirruping and fluttering of wings, and from what transpired subsequently it was evident that the female bird had severed the conjugal bond, and cultivated the affections of another, who now vigorously contended with the rejected bird for the possession of the nest. For several hours the conflict continued, until the usurper proved the stronger. The rejected bird shortly afterwards returned, and hovered about the spot, apparently watching an opportunity for revenge. This speedily occurred, for in the course of a short time the newly joined pair left for a brief period. In their absence the defeated sparrow approached the nest, and placing his back beneath the feathery mass, raised it from its resting-place and sent it to the ground. The surprise of the other birds on their return, at beholding the denouement of their dwelling, appeared to be great, and was amusing to observe. Notwithstanding this disaster, however, they commenced to build a second nest in the same place, the rejected mate watching their proceedings with apparent interest. After two days of incessant labor they again left for a short time, and taking advantage of their absence, the disappointed bird again demolished their feathery residence."

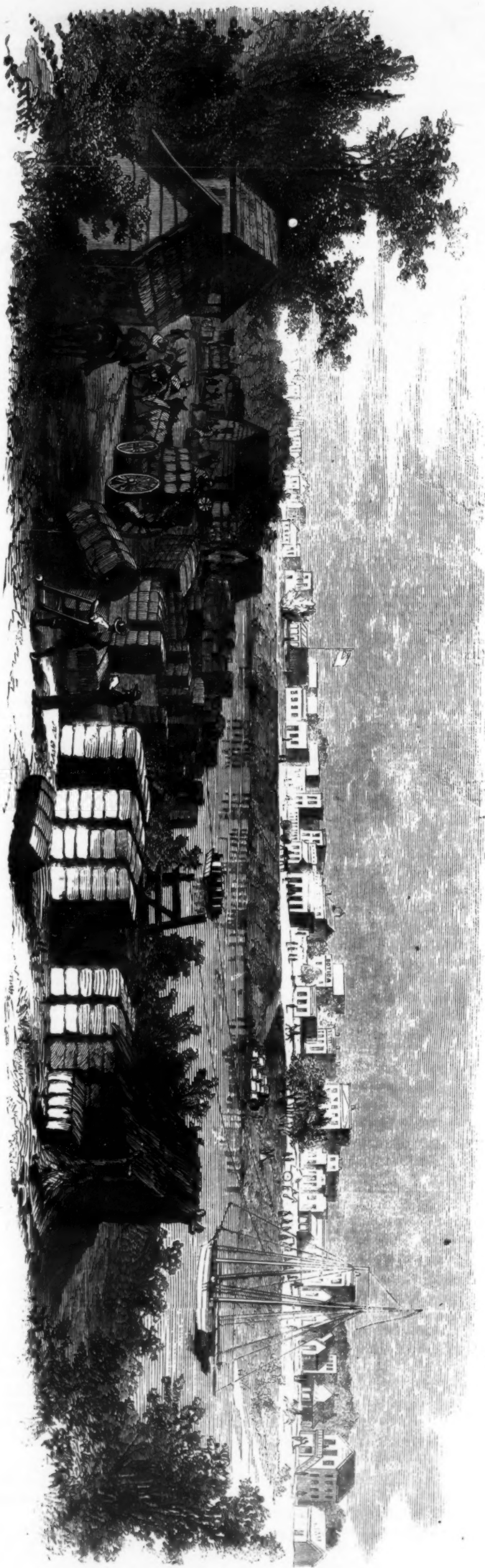
FACTS IN PHYSIOLOGY.—A man is taller in the morning than at night to the extent of half an inch, owing to the relaxation of the cartilages. The human brain is the 25th of the body, but in the horse only the 40th. Two days per annum is the average sickness of human life. About the age of 30 the lean man becomes fatter and the fat man leaner. Richter enumerates 600 distinct species of diseases of the eye. The pulse of children is 120 in a minute; of adults it is 85, and of 60 it is only 60. Elephants live for 100, 30, and even 40 years; a healthy, full-grown elephant consumes 30 pounds of grain a day. The fleas, grasshopper and locust jump 250 times their own length, equal to a quarter of a mile for a man.



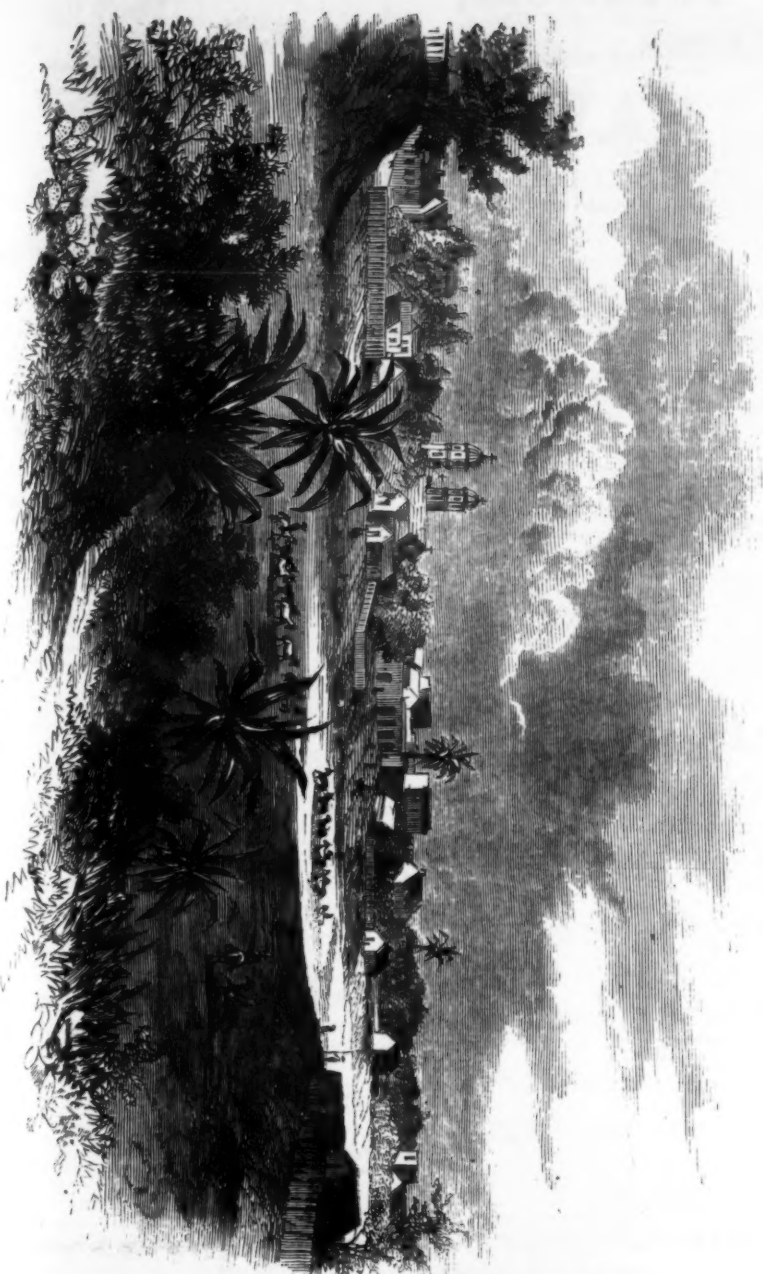
WAR IN VIRGINIA.—KELLY'S FORD ON THE RAPPAHANNOCK—SHOWING THE REBEL BREASTWORKS IN THE FOREGROUND.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, EDWIN FOWLER.



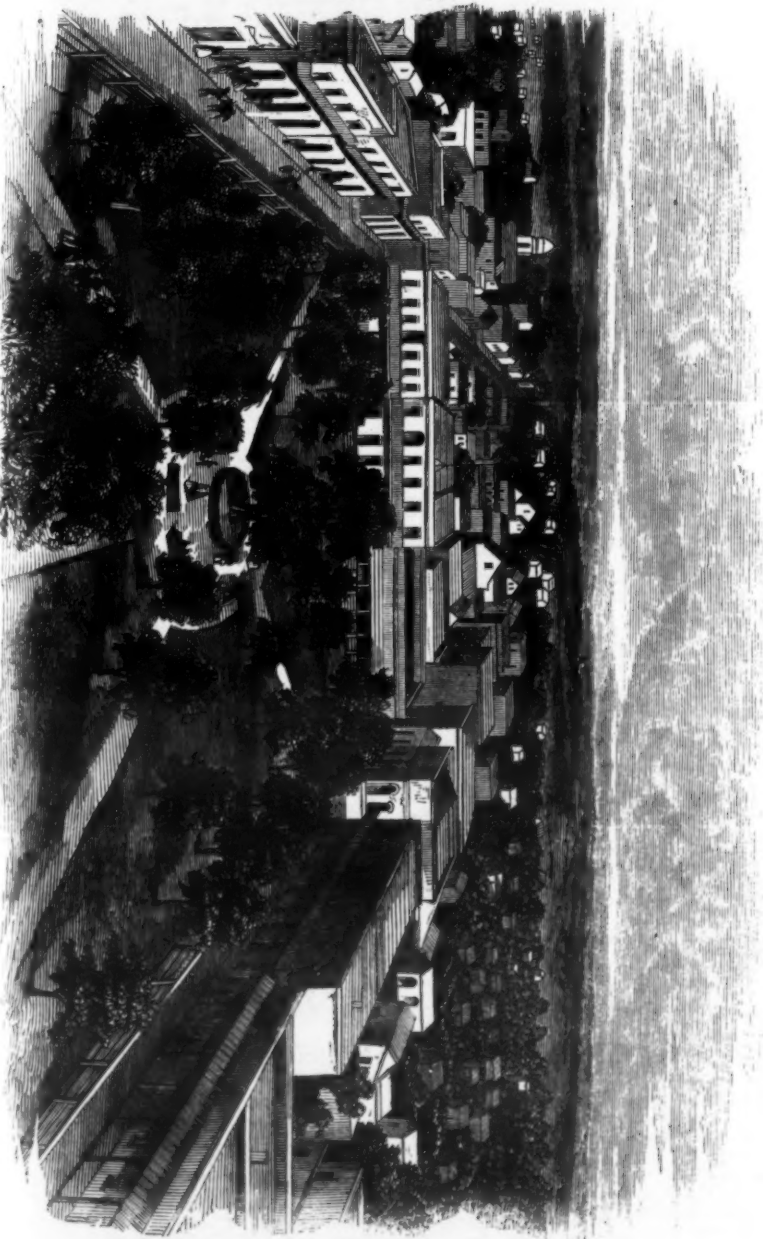
THE WAR IN SOUTH CAROLINA.—FORT SUMTER, AS SEEN FROM THE BEACON HOUSE, MORRIS ISLAND, NOV. 10.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. T. CHANE.



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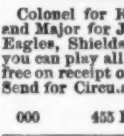
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